The Outlook

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Evolution in Tennessee

AS the Scopes trial approached the verdict of guilty last week it became evident that both sides were trying the case chiefly in the newspapers.

Mr. Bryan, most conspicuous of the counsel for the prosecution of the school-teacher accused of teaching evolution contrary to law, had already argued his side of the question in public speeches outside of the court-room. He has not conducted himself with any too scrupulous regard for the proprieties. A lawyer in any case who makes public speeches about the matter at issue while his case is before the court injures the judicial system; for he makes it more difficult for that system to operate without bias and apart from the pressure of public passion and prejudice. Mr. Darrow, most conspicuous of the counsel for the defense, has been more successful in avoiding the obvious violation of the proprieties; but he has made it clear that he does not expect the real issue to be decided in Dayton, Tennessee, that he hopes by means of the publicity which the newspapers have given the case to educate the country in what he believes to be the truth of science. The effort on each side has been to make this a controversy between science and Fundamentalist theology.

The effort of Mr. Darrow to introduce the testimony of scientists as to the nature of evolution was frustrated by the ruling of the Judge. The law forbids any teacher in the public schools of the State "to teach any theory that denies the story of divine creation as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." Mr. Darrow sought to show by his expert witnesses that the conclusions of science concerning evolution were not inconsistent with a belief in the divine theory of creation. The Judge ruled, however, that the law specifically forbade the teaching of the theory of the animal descent of man, and that there was no need for expert testimony about evolution. The whole spirit of the case is indicated by the wholly unnecessary dictum of the Judge in his ruling that "evolutionists should at least show man the consideration to substitute the word 'ascend' for the word 'descend.'" It was in the arguments following this ruling that Mr. Darrow made remarks which later led the Judge to cite Mr. Darrow for contempt. After an apology Mr. Darrow was forgiven. Though the testimony on evolution was excluded, affidavits for possible use on appeal were admitted from various scientists giving the substance of the theory of evolution and in some instances reconciling the evolutionary theory with religious belief.

In the meantime the real question at issue, whether a legislature has the right by criminal statute to bar the free study of science from the schools, seems to have been totally forgotten.

Mr. Bryan's Expunged Testimony

OF all the extraordinary things in this extraordinary trial, not the least extraordinary was the calling of Mr. Bryan to the witness stand.

Though Mr. Bryan is of the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Darrow called him as a witness for the defense. Mr. Darrow's purpose in this was to show that Mr. Bryan as an arch-Fundamentalist did not himself believe everything in the Bible literally. Instead, however, of treating Mr. Bryan as his own witness, Mr. Darrow proceeded to subject him to what amounted to cross-examination. Unjustifiable as the course of Mr. Darrow was (shown by the fact that the whole testimony was later expunged from the record), the result was a revelation of Mr. Bryan's mind. The following excerpts from the examination are merely illustrative:

Question.—The Bible says Joshua commanded the sun to stand still for the purpose of lengthening the day, doesn't it, and you believe it? *Answer.*—I do.

Q.—Do you believe at that time the entire sun went around the earth? *A.*—No, I believe that the earth goes around the sun.

Q.—Do you believe that the men who wrote it thought that the day could be lengthened or that the sun could be stopped? *A.*—I don't know what they thought.

Q.—You don't know? *A.*—I think they wrote the fact without expressing their thoughts.

. . . . . .

Q.—When was that flood? *A.*—I would not attempt to fix the date. The date is fixed, as suggested this morning.

Q.—About 4004 B.C.? *A.*—That has been the estimate. I would not say it is accurate.

. . . . . .

Q.—What do you think? *A.*—I do not think about things that I don't think about.

Q.—Do you think about things that you do think about? *A.*—Well, sometimes.

. . . . . .

Q.—You believe that all the various human races on the earth have come into being in the last four thousand years or four thousand two hundred years, whatever it is? *A.*—No. It would be more than that. . . . The flood is 2300 and something, and creation, according to the estimate there, is further back than that. . . . That is the date [referring to the Bible] given here on the first page, according to Bishop Usher, which I say I accept only because I have no reason to doubt it.

What Mr. Bryan was referring to was the list of dates prepared by Archbishop Usher (or Ussher), the Anglican Primate of Ireland who lived in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. That list of dates is described by the Encyclopædia Britannica as "a now disproved scheme of Biblical chronology, whose dates were inserted by some unknown authority in the margin of reference editions of the Authorized Version."

Apparently Mr. Bryan has not heard of any discoveries in geology, or biology, or history, or archæology, since 1656; otherwise, he could have hardly regarded Archbishop Usher as a final authority. It has sometimes been wondered what a person, say, of the Elizabethan period would think if suddenly brought to life and put into the midst of our twentieth-century civilization. We

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do not have to surmise. We have Mr. Bryan.

A Modernist Pharaoh

In relating the remarkable story of the uncovering of the remains of a splendid palace not far from Tel-el-Amarna, some one hundred and eighty miles from Cairo, it was natural that Mr. Whittemore, American representative of the Egyptian Exploration Society (or perhaps the reporters to whom he talked), should have put emphasis on the fact that it was here that the boy Tutankhamen was married at the age of twelve. But the builder of this palace and of the city in which it stood, Akhnaton, was a far more notable and admirable personage than his son-in-law, whose gorgeous tomb has been so lavishly pictured and described.

Most readers know that Akhnaton broke away from the old religion; that the "Aton" in his name stood for the new worship, just as the "Amen" in Tutankhamen's name stood for the old cult to which he returned quickly after his father-in-law died; that the new religion was monotheistic and that the sun was its symbol; and that Akhnaton built his wonder city on a lovely site down the Nile from Thebes, so that he might live and worship apart from hostile priests and enemies of his ideas.

But comparatively few know what an idealist, a lover of humanity, a respecter of womanhood, an advocate of peace, a friend of animals and flowers (there is much about him that reminds one of Francis of Assisi), Akhnaton was. The story has been told by Professor Breasted and by Arthur Weigall. It is fascinating and even astonishing in the modernity of Akhnaton's idea of the relationship between God and man. To him the sun was a symbol of beneficence and kindliness, the visible agent of heat, life, growth, and love. He wrote psalms of praise and thanksgiving; the longest one as translated by Professor Breasted has singular parallels with a Hebraic psalm—so much so that it has been suggested that through Syrian sources the Hebraic psalmist may have seen this psalm and paraphrased some of its passages.

Akhnaton's religion was called The Teaching. He tried to indicate the immanence of God in nature and man by expanding the phrase "the effulgence which comes from Aton" into a philosophy of God's fatherhood and loving-kindness. In an age when the only type of king was the war maker he imperiled his rule over subject countries by his unwillingness to put down rebellion. He was devoted to his wife—"lady of grace," "mistress of happiness"—and to his children, and, says Mr. Weigall, he taught that God was the father, the mother, the nurse, and the friend of the young. He hated superstition: "Djins, bogies, spirits, monsters, demigods, demons, and Osiris himself with all his court, were swept into the blaze and reduced to ashes."

We cannot resist quoting the eloquent tribute which Mr. Weigall pays to Akhnaton in his book "The Life and Times of Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt:" "In an age of superstition, and in a land where the grossest polytheism reigned absolutely supreme, Akhnaton evolved a monotheistic religion second only to Christianity itself in purity of tone. He was the first human being to understand rightly the meaning of divinity. When the world reverberated with the noise of war, he preached the first known doctrine of peace; when the glory of martial pomp swelled the hearts of his subjects, he deliberately turned his back upon heroics. He was the first man to preach simplicity, honesty, frankness, and sincerity; and he preached it from a throne. He was the first Pharaoh to be a humanitarian; the first man in whose heart there was no trace of barbarism. He has given us an example three thousand years ago which might be followed at the present day: an example of what a husband and a father should be, of what an honest man should do, of what a poet should feel, of what a preacher should teach, of what an artist should strive for, of what a scientist should believe, of what a philosopher should think."

Yes, Akhnaton 3,300 years ago was an ancient Modernist, an open-minded lover of God and man among a host of literalists. They were too much for him; he died unhappy, a failure in material things; his belief and memory were swiftly swept away by the Bryans of his time, but his memory survives as that of a seeker after truth and a disciple of righteousness.

Reducing and Simplifying Taxes

The probability that tax legislation will occupy the dominant position during the next session of Congress appears to have become a practical certainty with the announcement that President Coolidge is working during his vacation on a tax plan which he hopes will receive the support of both Democrats and Republicans in Congress. At any previous time during recent years such a hope would have been wildly extravagant, but there is now the possibility at least that it may be realized. On the Democratic side of the Senate radical control has apparently flickered out. Senator Robinson, the Democratic leader, has announced that he will insist upon lowering taxes "all along the line." Other leading Democrats in both houses have made similar statements.

Certainly there will be less of politics in the consideration of tax measures at the next session than there was at the last. Then a Presidential contest impended and the Democrats were beguiled by the prospect that by making radical gestures they might splice the Progressive strength to their own and elect a President. That dream became a nightmare in the awakening. It is in the nature of things that the Democrats will try to make their record during the next session help them in the effort to win a majority in the next Congress, but they know now that the radical route is not the path to victory at the polls.

Perhaps it will be better if the President's tax programme is known by some other name than the Mellon plan. That Secretary Mellon is a master of finance there can be no question, but antagonisms to the name "Mellon Plan" developed during the last session and will, to a certain extent, persist through the next session. In any event, the new Administration plan will be in some important particulars different from the old Mellon plan, though it will undoubtedly have the support, as it has the guidance, of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Reports from Swampscott indicate that the President is not preparing to insist upon impossible concessions. He would like to eliminate the publicity feature of the present law, but, as that appears to be impossible, he will ask simply for a revision of it. He would like to abolish the inheritance or estate taxes, but this, too, appears to be impossible, and he will ask merely for a reduction, somewhat drastic probably, of the present forty per cent rate.

The main features of the President's plan as now outlined are: Reduction of the present surtax maximum from forty per cent to twenty-five per cent or below; reduction of the normal tax rate to

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COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

To stop their marches

(King John, Act V, Scene 1)

Morris in the Passaic Daily News

The bootlegger: "Gosh, it's getting so a fellow has no privacy at all"

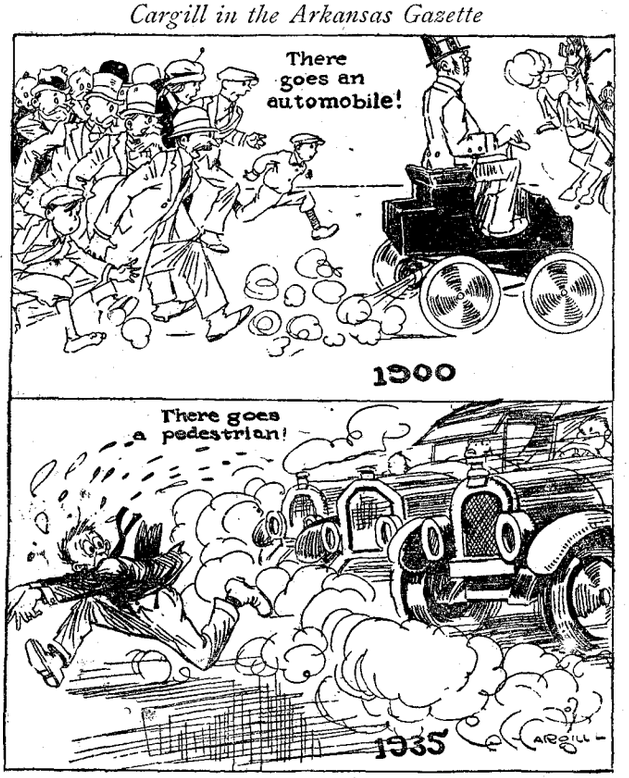
From Mrs. C. Dupignac, Wood Ridge, N. J.

Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch

This is a serious matter

From Grace Read Johnson, Columbus, Ohio

Cargill in the Arkansas Gazette



Will it come to this?

From Miss Irene Gallaway, Fayetteville, Ark.

Winsor McCay in the New York Herald Tribune

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Right of might

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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a minimum of one per cent and a maximum of five per cent; abolition of the so-called nuisance taxes; and adoption of an entirely new return blank in which all questions will be so simplified that persons of average intelligence can understand how returns are made.

The Brookhart Ballots

THE Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections has begun hearings on the contest for the Iowa seat between Smith W. Brookhart, Radical-Republican incumbent, and Daniel F. Steck, his Democratic opponent. The case has all along had the unusual feature of interest that regular Republicans generally would prefer to see the Democrat seated, but a question now arises which is equally interesting and of larger and more abiding importance, since it affects not merely Brookhart and Steck, but may establish a precedent affecting all Senatorial elections for the future. It is this: Shall an election be construed literally or liberally? Shall the result of an election be what a majority of the voters meant it to be, or shall it be the actual face of the returns though a technical error on the part of a few voters, resulting in rejected ballots, placed the majority where the majority did not intend it should be?

The fact appears to be that several thousand of those who thought they were voting for Steck invalidated their ballots by writing in arrows pointing to Steck's name. They were following too literally the advice given them by newspapers—following a guide line which the newspapers did not intend them to copy. Though the intent of the voters to cast their ballots for Steck was clear, the ballots were necessarily thrown out under the Iowa law which stipulates that no such marking shall be made upon any ballot. With these arrow-marked ballots discarded, Brookhart had a majority of 755 votes.

But by Constitutional provision the Senate is the sole judge of the election and qualification of its own members. It can, if it sees fit to do so, recognize the intent of the voters whose ballots were thrown out and declare Steck elected. It may be contended that this policy ought to be adopted and an analogy for it found in the fact that it has always been the practice of courts in construing acts of legislative bodies to give paramount importance to the intent of the legislators. It undoubtedly will be contended, on the other hand, that the purity of the ballot needs unrelenting defense and that a course which would have the effect of setting aside the law of a State would not be good policy.

No matter how the issue may be decided, the Brookhart-Steck contest will be a memorable one.

Let's Dredge Pearl Harbor

THE story of the man who built a boat in his cellar and then found that he could not extract it without tearing down his house is frequently cited as an example of misapplied effort. The boat, however, was quite as useful to the man as Uncle Sam's naval base at Pearl Harbor is to the American Nation.

Senator Hale, after a visit to Hawaii and another to the White House at Swampscott, in which he reported his findings to the President, has made the public statement in which he points out that during recent Pacific maneuvers only one of our battleships was able to get into Pearl Harbor at all. All of the ships dropped anchor while at Honolulu in the open ocean and one of them (the Maryland) rolled so at anchor that she took water over her decks. The Senator says that Pearl Harbor should be dredged to such a depth that our battleships can enter it under all conditions of weather, even if they were down to more than normal draught due to injuries in battle.

Congress has authorized the expenditure of $5,000,000 to dredge the Pearl Harbor channel, but has not actually appropriated the money. To make the harbor fully useful Senator Hale believes that $25,000,000 will be required. Certainly until our ships are able to get into it we ought to stop fooling ourselves that we have a useful naval base at Pearl Harbor.

The Desert Shall Blossom

IN the presence of Dr. Hubert Work, Secretary of the Interior, scores of prominent advocates of the reclamation of waste lands, and a large part of the population of the near-by district, Tieton Dam, in the heart of Rainier National Forest, in the State of Washington, was dedicated July 2. From this new reservoir stored waters flowing through the Tieton River and its subsidiary irrigation ditches will carry moisture to 100,000 acres of desert lands lying in the Yakima Valley.

It will release the waters of other reservoirs higher up in the Cascade Mountains for the continuation of the irrigation of another 100,000 acres already in cultivation. Tieton Dam is the third of four units built under the direction of the Federal Reclamation Service in this district, which, as a completed project, will open to cultivation a total of approximately 600,000 acres. The new Tieton Reservoir stands at an elevation of approximately 3,000 feet above sea-level. When the stored waters have reached the full capacity of the dam, the lake formed will cover approximately 2,500 acres of ground. It will be nine miles long and four miles wide at the maximum width.

The dam is of earth fill and rock construction and is the second largest of its type in the world. It spans a narrow canyon through which flows the Tieton River. It is 900 feet long, with a maximum height of 233 feet. The earth and rock fill contains 2,000,000 cubic yards, and a concrete core wall extends from the crest to solid rock 100 feet below the surface of the river bed, the maximum length of the base being 1,125 feet. The initial cost of the Tieton Unit was $4,215,000.

Courtesy a City Asset

ONE of the frequent complaints of the motorist, especially the long-distance tourist, is that as he enters a strange State or an unfamiliar city he is unfairly treated by traffic officers. If in his ignorance of local traffic rules he commits an unintentional error, he feels that he should be set right rather than be held up as a criminal—even if no arrest follows.

Minneapolis has adopted a system of traffic courtesy which has won the friendliness of the tens of thousands of tourists who visit the Northwest. Every traffic officer is supplied with green cards, half the size of a postal card. As he stands at the street intersection he hands one to the driver of every car he recognizes as being from out of the city. The motorist, usually alarmed at the proceeding, thinking that he has received a summons for some violation of the traffic ordinances, finds when he has opportunity for examination this message: "Minneapolis welcomes you. The Mayor cordially invites you to the Tourist Information Bureau of Minneapolis, where you will be given a visitor's emblem for your car, conveying the official hospitality of the city together with touring information which may be help-

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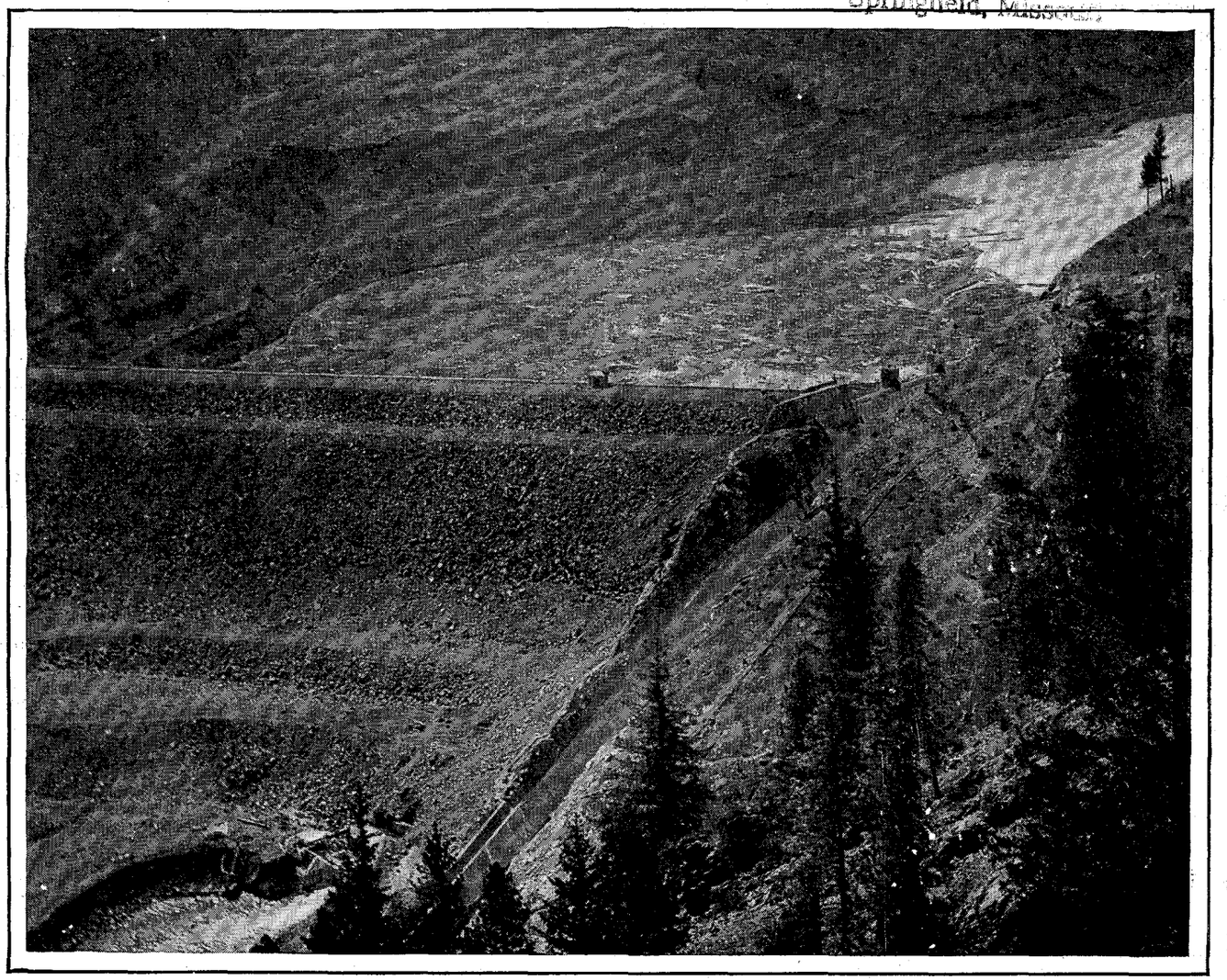
Springfield, Missouri



Tieton Dam, in Rainier National Forest, Washington, at the completion of its construction, when the water was just beginning to fill the new-made reservoir

ful to you during your stay in the city and State." At the Bureau an efficient staff supplies maps, advice, and road information of every sort, assists in securing lodgings, and generally makes the stranger feel he is among friends who have a definite interest in his welfare.

The traffic officers themselves are expected to be helpful. One visitor relates that an officer held up traffic for minutes while explaining a rule innocently violated and aiding the distracted driver to set himself again upon the proper course —and it was done with a smile. An added feature for the present touring season is the establishment of mounted police at the city limits on the main concrete highways entering Minneapolis with instructions to stop every foreign car, present the driver with a courtesy card, and inquire if any assistance can be given that will make the stay in the city more pleasant. Free telephone stations at these points are the next step in the courtesy campaign.

Every city desires motor visitors. The thousands of free camp grounds established on the cross-country highways indicate an intention to attract them. Entering upon a definite system of courtesy is a step further and brings a new element into the motoring world. "Treat 'em rough" has been tried in more than one municipality. It is interesting to see the opposite policy have a chance. If the thousands of letters of appreciation that have come to the Minneapolis touring bureau are an indication, this plan already has paid large dividends in good will and in admiration for the city. More than that, according to the authorities, it has brought more careful driving and made the task of the traffic officers easier, for who would not drive with caution in a city where one received so kindly a welcome? Maybe the courtesy plan will become general and the tourist will feel that he is not friendless when outside his own community.

The Negro Farmer

THE summer conferences of farmers at Hampton Institute are always milestones in the advance of the colored people. This month about twenty thousand Negro farm families in Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina were represented by delegates. They didn't talk about wrongs or color discrimination, or things of that sort. They talked of rural welfare work, economic efficiency, variation of crops, and service to the country by intelligent production.

One speaker said, "The finest and most independent human being is the small farmer who tills his own acres." Another declared: "Violation or willful exploitation of nature—soil, for instance —is a sin. Those who will nurture the soil receive its gifts with abundance. Anything that develops the capacity, initiative, judgment, and self-respect of the individual is worthy and spiritual."

Here are some of the things reported on: The growing of alfalfa, the increased

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number of pure-bred cockerels, improved methods of hog raising, the cooperation of teachers and farmers, the raising of food supplies for home consumption, the buying of homes, the organization of new clubs for boys and girls, the terracing of land, the building of soil, the organization of junior demonstrations, improved methods of poultry keeping, improvement of orchards, home-improvement demonstrations.

An odd jumble, perhaps; but it certainly sounds as if Booker Washington's programme, less agitation and more hard work, were gaining ground among the colored families.

Costly Cat's Meat

It was a thrifty (?) housekeeper who countermanded by 'phone an order at her butcher's for two cents' worth of cat's meat, and added as an explanation, "The cat has just caught a bird."

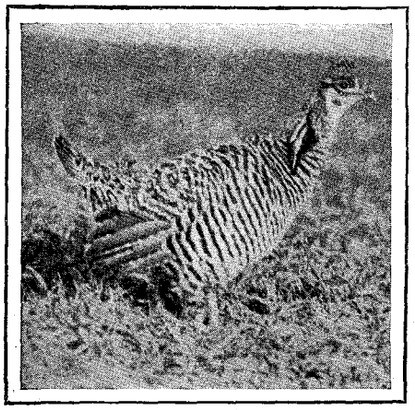
For some years people who are studying the relations of man to his natural environment have had their attention forcibly drawn to the destructive results of the general lack of personal responsibility for the control of the domesticated cat.

"Puss" and "Tommy" are the descendants of the Old World wildcat imported to this continent. In many sections of the United States the native representatives of the cat family (variously called locally panther, cougar, and mountain lion, and the lynxes, or "wildcats") have been exterminated as "nuisances." Their places are rapidly being taken by ex-domesticated—*i. e.*, feral—cats. The consequent destruction of useful birds has become a serious economic consequence.

A meeting of uncommon interest was recently held in the State House at Boston. All sections of the United States were personally represented. The meeting was at once a protest against conditions which during the past nine years have permitted the heath hen flock upon Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, to shrink from a visible eight hundred to a visible score of birds.

Testimony indicated that in addition to the natural enemies the active agencies in the destruction are, beyond doubt, forest fires and cats abandoned by summer cottagers on the island. Both of these are susceptible to control through personal and public responsibilities for setting fires and for caring for cats as personal property. Since 1831 the heath hen has been given legislative consideration, and since 1907 administrative duties and responsibilities relative to the sole surviving colony have resided with the Conservation officials of the State of Massachusetts and have been supported by public sentiment in all parts of the Nation.

The attempt promised success. In 1907 twenty-seven heath hen could



One of Twenty Survivors

be counted; in 1911 two hundred; in 1916 at least eight hundred. Since then the tide has for some reason turned, and the decline has been rapid. The public interest in this, perhaps the first attempt in North America to apply the reservation system to a single species of grouse, is widespread and earnest.

Speakers at the meeting pointed out the difficulties surrounding a census of the birds. The latest reports indicate that some broods of young heath hen have been seen. It is expected that the maintenance of this interesting bird on Martha's Vineyard is still possible.

This island is fortunately free from foxes, raccoons, and weasels, but peculiarly liable to an excessive population of ex-domesticated cats, as a result of abandonment of their pets in the autumn by the summer cottagers. These cats then "go on their own," and each soon becomes fair, fat, and forty. The aggregate destruction of native birds is enormous. The heath hen appears to find here its chief enemy and the one most difficult of control. Few people recognize the personal responsibility of making proper disposition of cats when no longer wanted.

Fortunately, the community and the gunners are now less selfish than was the case when this grouse was exterminated on the mainland from Cape Ann to Virginia. These birds congregated in large numbers at special places, the mating grounds, in the early spring, and records exist of "hunters" lying in wait at these places and killing large quantities.

The few birds on Martha's Vineyard are now the only ones alive in the world. The last one reported to have been shot on the mainland was in 1869.

Homes Across the Sea

There is to be an international exhibition of household appliances and labor-saving devices in Paris this coming fall. One of the most instructive exhibits in the exposition ought to be the house which will contain all the latest wrinkles which are available for the American housewife who believes that electricity makes a more dependable servant than the two-footed variety upon which her grandmother so largely depended.

Mr. Arthur Williams, Vice-President of the New York Edison Company, told of this model home in a recent address. The home will be erected in America, and after a month's exhibition shipped across the Atlantic and re-erected in Paris. It will be decorated with early American furnishings and fully equipped according to the best modern practices. We haven't a list of the labor-saving devices which it will contain, but it goes without saying that on that list there must be a vacuum cleaner, a washing machine, an electric iron, perhaps a power mangle, a dish-washer, a furnace thermostatically controlled and automatically fed, a refrigerator independent of the labors of an iceman, the best of plumbing, and water hot enough for even a French political crisis. The amount of electrical equipment which such a house can economically contain is limited only by the price of electrical power in the community in which it is to be erected. The house, by the way, is to find a permanent lodging in France, for after the exposition is over it is to be given to a citizen of France who has been judged by a French committee to have rendered the greatest services to humanity in recent years. The house will be permanently erected on a site to be chosen by the person to whom it is awarded.

We venture to believe that when it has

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found its final location it will be in the hands of an owner who may be less familiar with electrical equipment than many Americans, but who, on the other hand, will know something of an economy of life which is all too rare in America. Whether the omelets are made on an electric stove or whether they are created over a charcoal fire, we can be sure that they will represent an achievement which any egg might look forward to with pride in the fulfillment of its proper destiny. Perhaps, too, the electric beater may be pointed to with pride more often than it is used in the preparation of salad dressing, but the dressing will be no less delectable "for a' that."

Who knows but that the French, after contemplating America's contribution to the economies of the home, may be moved to erect a model dwelling in America, dedicated to the more subtle economies of the spirit and the graces of the art of living? It is no criticism of our past achievements in the practical affairs of life to suggest that we still have something to learn as to methods of extracting joy from our own achievements.

The Coal Trouble in England: The Causes

THE present depression in the English coal industry has lasted a year. During this period over five hundred mines have been closed. More than three hundred thousand mine workers are now out of employment, and more may follow. The situation in this industry is serious.

Several causes contribute to this condition. There has been a large falling off of the foreign demand for British coal. Germany is importing less coal and exporting more. With the French retiral from the Ruhr, Germany's coal production will increase and England's exports will decrease. Already England's foreign exports have decreased at least ten million tons from the normal average.

Germany's advantage in the rivalry with England is aided not only by larger production in the Ruhr, but by the fact that Germany is substituting water power for steam and thereby saving millions of tons of coal for export; moreover, miners' wages are higher in England than in Germany. It is true also that French coal production is increased largely, and to this is added the saving by the electrification of about a third of the French railways. In England itself the sales of coal have lessened, partly because oil has so largely replaced coal in the giant steamships, partly because England is largely using water power instead of steam power, partly because some mines do not pay for working.

Is There a Remedy?

VARIOUS suggestions of a remedy for this condition in the British coal industry have been made.

If mines are closed, workers discharged, and wages reduced, the general strike now threatened is sure to become a fact. Another method would be to reduce profits, but that is of doubtful value. Increased efficiency and better organization would certainly help the situation, but do not seem a sufficient answer to the problem.

The Socialists among the workers bring forward their remedy of nationalization. They say, in effect: "Do not allow the collieries to continue as private concerns on their own basis. Unify them, at least in the larger districts. Put them under Government control and operation." The present Government is not likely to go very far in the direction of state ownership, and we are informed that the Prime Minister declines to consider a Government subsidy, and the Minister of Labor declares that, while the Cabinet is not closing its mind to any proposal, neither the coal nor any other trade should look to the state for a subsidy.

The coal situation thus seems to be a menace to British economic stability, but in view of the fact that such situations have in the past been tided over or alleviated by compromise and adaptation of theory to hard facts, it would be premature to declare that the problem is impossible of solution.

The Battle of the Films

WHEN in the accompanying picture one sees British troops, with band and all, marching before a motor car on which are piled the films of certain American photo-plays, one asks whether the troops were called out for protection or as an escort of honor, or whether they were a paid military, auxiliary, publicity ally.

There has been in some London papers a hot-weather excitement over the nefarious tendency of "cinema" audiences to patronize American canned drama to the injury of the native product. It seems that these unpatriotic people find our Wild West woollier, our open spaces more open, our cowboys more thrilling, and our comic eccentricities funnier than anything England can turn out. They admire British art, but they pay their sixpences to get American pep. It is most deplorable, say the old gentlemen who write to the newspapers. It has not come to street rioting yet; so we suspect that this military escort was for publicity rather than protection.

Alas! the scheme of the "American film magnates" (according to the London "Sphere," from which we reproduce the picture) is a stunt gone to waste,

Ringing in the Red Coats

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"slickly" as they planned to "put it across." The magnates had the films met by British troops (most of them Territorials, wearing war ribbons) at Southampton and had them escorted through London by officers and men of the Royal Garrison Artillery. The anti-American press raved; members of Parliament were "greatly perturbed"—the "Sphere" says so. So far the publicity was good, but—imagine the meanness!—the English newspapers without exception conspired to conceal the names of the films, film actors, and producers! This may be a "praiseworthy silence," in the "Sphere's" words, but how can Americans stand the suspense of not knowing which of its screen artists was so honored?

Here is Lanai

The six-meter yacht sailed by C. Sherman Hoyt, which recently distinguished itself by bringing back to this country from Scotland the Seawanhaka cup. Lanai took three races out of four from the British defender, Coila III. The Seawanhaka cup has a history of thirty years of competition. It was carried off to Great Britain by Coila III in 1922

Photo Edwin Levick, New York

A Treaty of Health

THERE is now awaiting the favorable action of most of the republics in this hemisphere an agreement known as the "Pan-American Sanitary Code" that will league the nations of the New World for common defense against disease.

This is the fruit of the seventh Pan-American Sanitary Conference, that assembled last November in Havana, Cuba. At the time that Conference aroused but little interest. The delegates were professional men. They had no political axes to grind. As experts in preventive medicine they believed that international health is a good foundation for international good will. Incidentally, they believed that it promotes trade. With the object of making the New World a better place in which to live, they agreed upon and signed this code, which embodies the Pan-American spirit.

The objects and scope of the code are set forth in Article I as follows:

> The prevention of the international spread of communicable infections of human beings.
>
> The promotion of co-operative measures for the prevention of the introduction and spread of disease into and from the territories of the signatory governments.
>
> The standardization of the collection of morbidity and mortality statistics by the signatory governments. The stimulation of the mutual interchange of information which may be of value in improving the public health and combatnig the diseases of man.
>
> The standardization of the measures employed at places of entry for the prevention of the introduction and spread of the communicable diseases of man, so that greater protection against them shall be achieved and unnecessary hindrance to international commerce and communication eliminated.

In furtherance of these aims, each government "agrees to transmit to each of the other signatory governments and to the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau, at intervals of not more than two weeks, a statement containing information as to the state of its public health, particularly that of its ports." Each government is obliged to report certain diseases. In addition, each government agrees to notify adjacent nations and the Bureau "immediately by the most rapidly available means of communication" of the appearance of such dangerous contagions as plague, cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, and typhus. Each government obligates itself "to put into operation at the earliest practicable date a system for the collection and tabulation of vital statistics."

A considerable portion of the code is devoted to health in international commerce. There are chapters on the classification of ports, the treatment of merchant vessels, and, for the first time, the handling of aircraft engaged in international trade. The eighteen republics "agree to designate landing-places for aircraft which shall have the same status as quarantine anchorages." Finally, the Pan-American Sanitary Bureau is placed upon a treaty basis as "the central coordinating sanitary agency . . . and the general collection and distribution center of sanitary information" for the New World.

This code of health, which has been ratified by the United States and by Cuba, constitutes a practical achievement in the strengthening of the spirit of collective Monroeism.

Jonah and the Fundamentalists

IT was in the Baptist denomination, we believe, that the term "Fundamentalist" as used to-day originated. Those who applied this term to themselves have been trying to impose upon the independent congregations which constitute the Baptist churches of America a creed or doctrinal test. In doing this they are in effect repudiating that very freedom from creeds which it was the avowed purpose of the original Baptists to establish. The Fundamentalists are not content to let each congregation for itself, much less each individual for himself, decide what the Bible (which is the Baptist rule of life)

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teaches, but wish to select as obligatory upon all the things which they themselves consider "fundamental."

Consequently, when the Northern Baptist Convention met in Seattle recently, Fundamentalists attempted to read out of the denomination the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York City because it had chosen as its minister the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, who refuses to let the Fundamentalists do his thinking for him.

The Fundamentalist group which is organized as the Baptist Bible Union held a meeting in which not only Modernism in general was denounced, but specifically "the Rockefeller influence in the Baptist denomination," which was a reference to the fact that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., attends the Park Avenue Baptist Church. In the course of the resolution adopted at the meeting the Fundamentalists declare:

> Like the crew of the ship of Tarshishon a stormy sea, the Baptist Bible Union, with other Fundamentalists, have rowed hard to bring the denominational ship to land. They will now for some time ship their oars, to devote all their energies to the task of throwing the Jonah of Mammonized Modernism overboard.

Do the Fundamentalists of the Baptist Bible Union know the Bible that they are professing to defend? If they do, they have chosen a curious illustration from the Bible to describe their own position. They have, in fact, unwittingly chosen an analogy that fits them better than they think.

Jonah was a prophet chosen of God. He was really afraid of the liberalism God wanted him to preach, and he went aboard a ship to escape his mission. The crew of the ship were mostly heathen. There was a storm, and these heathen called upon their various gods; but, since their own gods did not help them, they took the prophet of God at his own suggestion and reluctantly threw him overboard.

This is the action in which the Fundamentalists compare themselves to the heathen crew, and Modernism, especially in the person of Dr. Fosdick, to the prophet of God. In this particular case Jonah did not go overboard. The effort of the Fundamentalists to exclude the Park Avenue Baptist Church from the Convention failed. It does not seem likely that the Baptist Church will founder even though the Modernists remain on board. It seems very possible that the ship is, after all, taking the preachers of the breadth of the mercy of God to their destination.

Jonah, it is sometimes forgotten, was a preacher who was disappointed because God was merciful. He told his heathen hearers that they were to suffer destruction for their evil ways. And when they repented and escaped Jonah was surprised and disappointed. He expected God to condemn these people for their creed; and, instead, he found that God spared them when they turned from evil to good. The Book of Jonah is one of the most dangerously liberal books in the Bible.

An Iron Jubilee

THE celebration at Duluth, Minnesota, last week of the Iron Ore Golden Jubilee suggests some topics of National interest. The deposits, which now yield more than sixty per cent of all the iron mined in the United States, and on which a very large percentage of the vast steel industry of the entire country has been built, lie in the hinterland of Duluth embedded in the Mesaba Range and its tributary geological strata. They were first discovered by an unsung Thoreau named Peter Mitchell in 1872, but their commercial discovery is commemorated in rounder numbers in the fiftieth anniversary of the present Jubilee.

Iron made Duluth. In 1871 Proctor Knott, on the floor of the Senate, killed a bill to run a railroad into northern Minnesota with a speech recognized as a masterpiece of satire. He had never heard of "Duluth," named as the terminus of the proposed railway, until the map furnished by the Minnesota Legislature indicated a place at the western end of Lake Superior in the prospectus of the bill, and he brought roars of laughter from his colleagues with his repeated mispronunciations of the strange name, the mythical metropolis of a fabulous region.

"'Duluth,' the word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, . . . but where in Minnesota was Duluth?"

Nevertheless iron magnetized that railroad and nine other railroads after it into Duluth and its twin city of Superior, Wisconsin, which lies like another Jersey City across the harbor that makes of both maritime communities one great port. And iron magnetized fleets of ore ships on the Great Lakes which now by their combined tonnage make of Duluth-Superior the largest fresh-water — and its local champions omit the "fresh"—port in the world. Every one knows where Duluth is now, only fifty years after its name, uttered on the floor of the Senate, brought forth only incredulous laughter.

In the Marathon of American municipalities Duluth appears as an eager contender. Fifty years ago it was an outpost of American progress, a handful of less than four hundred adventurous souls huddled on the desolate shore of an even more desolate ocean. Now, with a population of one hundred and fifteen thousand, it dominates the source of one of the Nation's foremost manufacturing industries and takes it place with New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco in the front rank of American seaports, mistress of the inland seas.

During the fifty years of their short iron life the twin Lake Superior ports have shipped almost one billion two hundred million tons of ore; and of this tremendous total one billion tons have been exported by ever speedier processes during the last twenty-five years. Maps show the region as a network of lakes reaching away into Manitoba and Ontario, rivaling in their complexity the myriad lakes of southern Finland, a terrific unexploited Venice of still imperfectly realized opportunity. Superposed upon this lacework of waterways the automobile and tourist folders show another latticed pattern of roads running like red arteries and blue veins through the green body of the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin and the neighboring Canadian provinces—communities that are now fast becoming true neighbors in more ways than geographical by ever-increasing means of intercommunication.

Through the northwestern part of this region run the iron ranges of Mesaba and Vermillion, which geologists guarantee to contain high-grade ores for generations to come. In terms of

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iron Duluth is a city of destiny. Fittingly it has given to its anniversary celebration a double name. Looking backward, it calls its festival week the "Iron Ore Golden Jubilee;" looking forward even more proudly, it celebrates at the same time its "Exposition of Progress."

Can a Lawyer be a Gentleman?

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A GOOD many laymen, exasperated by the technicalities of legal procedure, by the involved and obscure language of contracts, briefs, and opinions, and by the fact that judicial decisions often appear to be based upon professional dogmas rather than principles of equity, are sometimes inclined to agree with one of Dickens's characters who exclaimed, "The law is an ass!"

There has just come into my hands, although it was not intended for the likes of me, a legal text-book which will go far to assuage the exasperation of those who resent the unjust intricacies of the legal profession. This book[1]—a study of legal ethics based upon the motto *Non omne licitum honestum est,* which may be paraphrased "Legality is not always honesty"—ought to be read by every American law student and may with profit be made a part of the reference library of every man who is engaged on the executive side of finance and industry. Its author, Mr. Henry W. Jessup, a well-known member of the New York bar, has made no pretense of producing a work of literature. It is frankly a work of compilation. But even a layman may venture to agree with the author of the Introduction to the volume—himself a lawyer—who says: "Few men would have the ability, the experience, or the patience to do what the compiler of this work has done. I am satisfied that no one can read it without astonishment at the rare combination of industry, sententiousness, and comprehension which has produced the result exhibited in the following pages."

To the layman the great value of the book is its clear revelation of the fact that there is a very large body of lawyers and a very large body of legal literature firmly based upon the conviction that "craft is the vice, not the spirit, of the profession." An extremely interesting bibliography and a very complete analytical index open to the layman a most enjoyable field of literature from which he is generally debarred—and in saying this I have no intention of indulging in a pun. For example, I find that nearly a hundred years ago a lawyer, David Hoffman by name, wrote two volumes on legal studies, containing, among pertinent matter, forty-nine resolutions on the ethics of his profession which lawyers regard as a classic of legal literature. The general tenor of these resolutions may be surmised from a quotation of a few of them:

> II—I will espouse no man's cause out of envy, hatred, or malice towards his antagonist.
>
> IV—Should judges, while on the bench, forget that, as an officer of their court, I have rights, and treat me even with disrespect, I shall value myself too highly to deal with them in like manner. A firm and temperate remonstrance is all that I shall ever allow myself.
>
> X—Should my client be disposed to insist on captious requisitions or frivolous and vexatious defenses, they shall be neither enforced nor countenanced by me.
>
> XII—I will never plead the Statute of Limitations when based upon the mere *efflux of time;* for if my client is conscious that he owes the debt, and has no other defense than *the legal bar,* he shall never make me a partner in his knavery.
>
> XV—When employed to defend those charged with crimes of the deepest dye, and the evidence against them, whether legal or moral, be such as to leave no just doubt of their guilt, I shall not hold myself privileged, much less obliged, to use my endeavors to arrest, or to impede the course of justice, by special resorts to ingenuity—to the artifices of eloquence—to appeals to the morbid and fleeting sympathies of weak juries, or of temporizing courts.
>
> XLIX—Avarice is one of the most dangerous and disgusting of vices. . . . I am, therefore, firmly resolved never to receive from any one a compensation not justly and honorably my due; and, if fairly received, to place on it no undue value; to entertain no affection for money, further than as a means of obtaining the goods of life—the art of using money being quite as important for the avoidance of avarice, and the preservation of a pure character, as that of acquiring it.
>
> With the aid of the foregoing resolutions . . . I hope to obtain eminence in my profession, and to leave the world with the merited reputation of having lived an honest lawyer.

To this ethical code Hoffman added a fiftieth resolution: "I will read the foregoing forty-nine resolutions twice every year during my professional life." David Hoffman must have been an interesting character, but I can find nothing about him in any encyclopædia at my command. I hope, but I am not sure, that he was an American lawyer. I wish Mr. Jessup had added to his "resolutions" a biographical paragraph about him.

Mr. Jessup's compact volume deals not only with lawyer's ethics, but with judicial ethics. In the latter connection the rules of Sir Matthew Hale are quoted. It is a curious fact that in the period of English history between the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell and the accession of William III, a period when English justice was at its lowest ebb, the English bar should have produced one of the most famous and the most infamous of its great judges—Sir Matthew Hale and Lord Jeffreys. A study of the lives of these two men would be in itself almost a complete course in the study of legal ethics.

Far be it from me, a mere layman, to say what is the fundamental basis of true ethical conduct in the administration of law. But I think Mr. Jessup has put his finger upon it. He refers to the practice of courts martial, in which an army officer may be prosecuted for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and asserts that no lower standard of decorum and dignity should be permitted in a judgment of the conduct of a lawyer. " 'Conduct unbecoming a gentleman" cannot be codified. Its comprehension involves education, refinement, character. Hence it is that our profession

[1] The Professional Ideals of the Lawyer: A Study of Legal Ethics. By Henry Wynans Jessup, M.A., J.D. The G. A. Jennings Company, Inc., New York.

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requires qualifications of preliminary education and training, in view of the increasing numbers of those who seek to enter it as a means of livelihood."

John Singleton Copley, son of the distinguished American portrait painter, was educated at Cambridge University, was created Baron Lyndhurst, and became Lord Chancellor of England with the power of appointing judges. When asked how he made his selections, he replied: "When I want a judge, I look around me for a gentleman, and if he happens to know a little law so much the better." Perhaps he was animated subconsciously by the artistic taste inherited from his father; perhaps, more happily, by an instinct for the real basis of ethics, both lay and legal. For a gentleman, according to the Century Dictionary, is "a man distinguished for fine sense of honor, strict regard for his obligations, and consideration for the rights and feelings of others." If all lawyers, and, for that matter, if all litigants measured up to that standard, the court dockets would be less crowded and there would be fewer reversals on appeal. But then, perhaps, there would have been no need for Mr. Jessup's book, and, worse yet, I should have been denied the pleasure of writing this article!

The Tennessee Case and State Autonomy

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

A trenchant analysis of the effect of the Fourteenth Amendment

A TIDAL wave of newspaper triviality seems certain to cover completely the real issue in the pending case of the State of Tennessee *versus* John T. Scopes. The litigation doubtless justifies the general discussion of such interesting subjects as the infallibility of the Bible, the theories of evolution, Fundamentalism and Modernism, etc. All of this, however, is simply incidental, although as I write it seems to be regarded generally as the very nub of the case.

Constitutional lawyers and lay students of government will agree, I suppose, that the case is important, first of all, because it is likely to furnish the basis for a decision by the United States Supreme Court; that in such decision that great Court may establish a Constitutional boundary-line, affecting fundamentally and (in effect) irrevocably local government in its relation to the National Government. Were it not for the nine black-robed men in Washington, the Dayton trial would be simply and solely what the daily press seems now determined to make it—a bally-hoo show.

It may be profitable to consider briefly the outlines of the Constitutional issue which the Federal Supreme Court may be called upon to decide, and to consider the broader governmental problem of which this case is a part. The Scopes case will certainly not affect the theory of evolution by a whit, but it may aid in materially altering the pattern of our dual form of government.

Assuming that a conviction is secured in the trial court, and that the Supreme Court of Tennessee upholds the conviction, Scopes can then ask the Federal Supreme Court to reverse the lower State courts. The basis for such an appeal is that the State of Tennessee is seeking to deprive him of his property and possibly his liberty (if his fine were unpaid) "without due process of law." The issue would then be fully and sharply raised: Does the National Constitution forbid the State of Tennessee making illegal the teaching of the doctrines proscribed in the statute under which Scopes is being prosecuted?

Before 1868, if the Supreme Court of Tennessee (or any other State) had found nothing in such a statute in conflict with its own State Constitution, the Federal courts were powerless to change that result. So long as they kept within the limits of the State Constitution, as interpreted by its own highest court, the State Legislatures were free to regulate the State pretty much as they chose, free from restraint from the nine Judges in Washington. Then came the adoption of the Civil War amendments, including the Fourteenth, which declared that "No State shall . . . deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law." The enactment was, of course, designed to protect the newly freed Negroes from oppression at the hands of Southern States, and at first the Supreme Court was inclined to limit the broad and undefined language to the Negro situation. A very broad construction has prevailed, however, and the Federal Supreme Court in recent years has passed upon the power of the States to regulate an infinite variety of activities.

Upon the wisdom of this control of local activities by the Washington Judges there is a definite division of opinion, which very recent decisions have but served to sharpen. The prevailing opinion warmly supports the exercise of this jurisdiction. Proponents of this jurisdiction "thank God" that there is refuge with a tribunal of the stature and sagacity of the United States Supreme Court from the great flood of State statutes which they regard as violative of fundamental human and property rights. Being far removed from local feeling, it is argued that the Court is less subject to the mania for oppressing the minority, to which it is asserted present-day Legislatures are particularly subject.

The opposing view does not attempt to justify the type of legislation represented by the Oregon school law or the Tennessee anti-evolution statute. They admit that much of the State legislation which has in recent years been challenged before the Federal Supreme Court violates the soundest principles of justice. Their objection is that this extraordinary extension of the Fourteenth Amendment is destroying the distinctive form of our dual government: a union of States, each vested with the authority and the duty to regulate local affairs in the light of local conditions and local standards. If these State laws are unwise and fundamentally wrong, they suggest that the remedy is a movement to repeal them. The present tendency, a distinguished jurist has said, will entirely "prevent the making of social experiments that an important part of the community desires, in the insulated chambers afforded by the several States."

The almost incredible range and variety of State legislation, approved by the highest courts of the States, which the Supreme Court has in recent times been called upon to review demonstrates that this controversy, far from being an academic one, is of the utmost immediate significance.

Without attempting to present an ex-

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haustive list, the following situations will serve to indicate the wide variety of intimately local problems passed upon from Washington: May a city prescribe the kind of buildings in which laundries may be operated; may it regulate its pool halls? May a State require that ice-cream be made of not less than twelve per cent milk fat, prohibit coloring matter in food products, or require that loaves of bread be wrapped before sale? May a State forbid the use of injunctions in labor disputes, or the labor of women for longer than eight hours a day? May a State, in time of epidemic, require all children to submit to vaccination? May a city forbid huge outdoor billboards? May it forbid Negroes occupying houses in any block in which there are more whites than Negro residents? May it prohibit the issuance of so-called trading stamps, or the sale of merchandise in "bulk"? May a State forbid the advocacy of the overthrow of government, or forbid the teaching of any language but English in the schools of the State? May a State forbid all young children within its borders attending private schools?

When the Supreme Court first decided that the Civil War amendments constituted a grant of jurisdiction over State legislation of this type, the Court at the same time repeatedly declared that every possible presumption would be made in favor of the validity of State legislation, and that only when any "reasonable man" would see at once that the law was arbitrary and spoliative would the State tribunals' judgment be overturned. This attitude has now been abandoned, perhaps not expressly, but unquestionably in practice, and it is now not uncommon for the Court to upset the judgment of a State Legislature and a State Supreme Court in a case so evenly balanced that two, three, or even four Justices of the Supreme Court itself believe the statute valid. Beneficial or not, the truth is, all candid lawyers will admit, that the highest Federal Court now sits in review on the *merits* of State legislation.

With this as a background, the Dayton trial takes on a different aspect. The vast majority of Tennesseans wish to regulate the teaching in their local schools; the Supreme Court of the United States, consisting of nine eminent lawyers sitting many miles away, may decide (as they have already decided as to forbidding the teaching of German and compelling attendance upon public schools) that Tennessee is without authority to so regulate its schools' curricula. Such a decision will be greeted by those who abhor that type of legislation as a triumph of the Constitution over intolerance and bigotry. To those who believe the principle of independent and vigorous local government is of greater consequence than the invalidation of any unwise and probably short-lived State statute, and who see all power being steadily drawn to Washington, such a decision will doubtless be an added cause for concern and doubt. There is probably more spice in other elements of this trial, yet there is little doubt that it is this angle of the case which will have the most enduring consequences upon our National life.

The Paris Decorative Arts Exposition

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

I HAVE been standing on the Alma Bridge, the only place where one can take in the full extent of the Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Arts.

From this point the exhibition seems to form a T cross. Its stem is made by the Seine, with the Exposition buildings on either side, as far as the Alexander Bridge—on the left they continue a little farther to the Place de la Concorde. The crosspiece extends from the Invalides Palace, on the right, across the Alexander Bridge to the Grand Palais, on the left. Transformed by the two lines of little shops just built on it, the Pont Alexandre III now reminds one of the Ponte Vecchio at Florence.

Most visitors will likely enter the Exposition from the Place de la Concorde. Many French entrants are showing little packages of tickets. The Exhibition has been largely financed by the sale of fifty-franc lottery bonds. Each gives the right to twenty admissions.

The entrance is marked by a number of large, lofty, ugly pylons standing in a circle. Dejean's statue of "Paris" is also on guard. From this entrance you are immediately ushered into an engaging and distinguished architectural company of provincial and national temporary structures. That of Provence is on your right; that of Czechoslovakia, on your left. Then you pass between those of the Franche-Comté and of Holland; then between those of Berry and of Poland, etc.—an avenue of provinces and nations. One of the most charming of the edifices is Switzerland's, with its projecting tiled roof. You can easily spend a whole day in this delightful section. There is another entrance to it near the Grand Palais.

Suppose, however, you enter from the left bank of the Seine at the Place des Invalides. A long gray wall gives one little idea that it shields the attractive and busy Cours des Métiers, designed by Charles Plumet, the Exposition's chief architect, a place for the various *métiers* or trades—the potter's, the glass-worker's, the smith's, the tapestry weaver's, the gardener's, the dressmaker's, etc. For if on the other side of the river the domain of architecture strikes you first as appropriate for decoration, not improbably over here house-furnishing may come next, and then clothing.

Walk down the Esplanade to the Seine. You leave the Exposition Theater and the Library behind you, and quickly find yourself amid many kiosks and pavilions illustrative of many *métiers;* for example, those of the Sèvres and Copenhagen porcelain; or that of the glass-worker René Lalique, of the Fauquez and Baccarat glass-works, of the Mauméjean windows; or of metal work, as shown, for instance, by the Orfèvreries Christofle; and, as to house-furnishing and personal attire, by such great Paris shops as the Maison de Blanc, the Magasins du Louvre, the Printemps, the Bon Marché, and the Galeries Lafayette.

Plenty of incidental advertising is thus evident. Viewing the Exposition from this quarter, my first impression was not unlike that I at first received at the British Empire Exhibition last year, where somebody's soap or razors or caramels seemed to get in the way of basic features.

In further illustration of the *métiers* one may visit the pavilions of such French manufacturing cities as Roubaix, Nancy, Saint-Étienne, Lyons, Mulhouse (an exquisite Alsatian building), and note that decorative and industrial arts are applied to many substances—stone, metals, wood, ceramics, glass, textiles, leather, paper, print.

A visit to the "House of an Art Collector" whets the appetite for a reading at their pavilions of "Art et Décoration"

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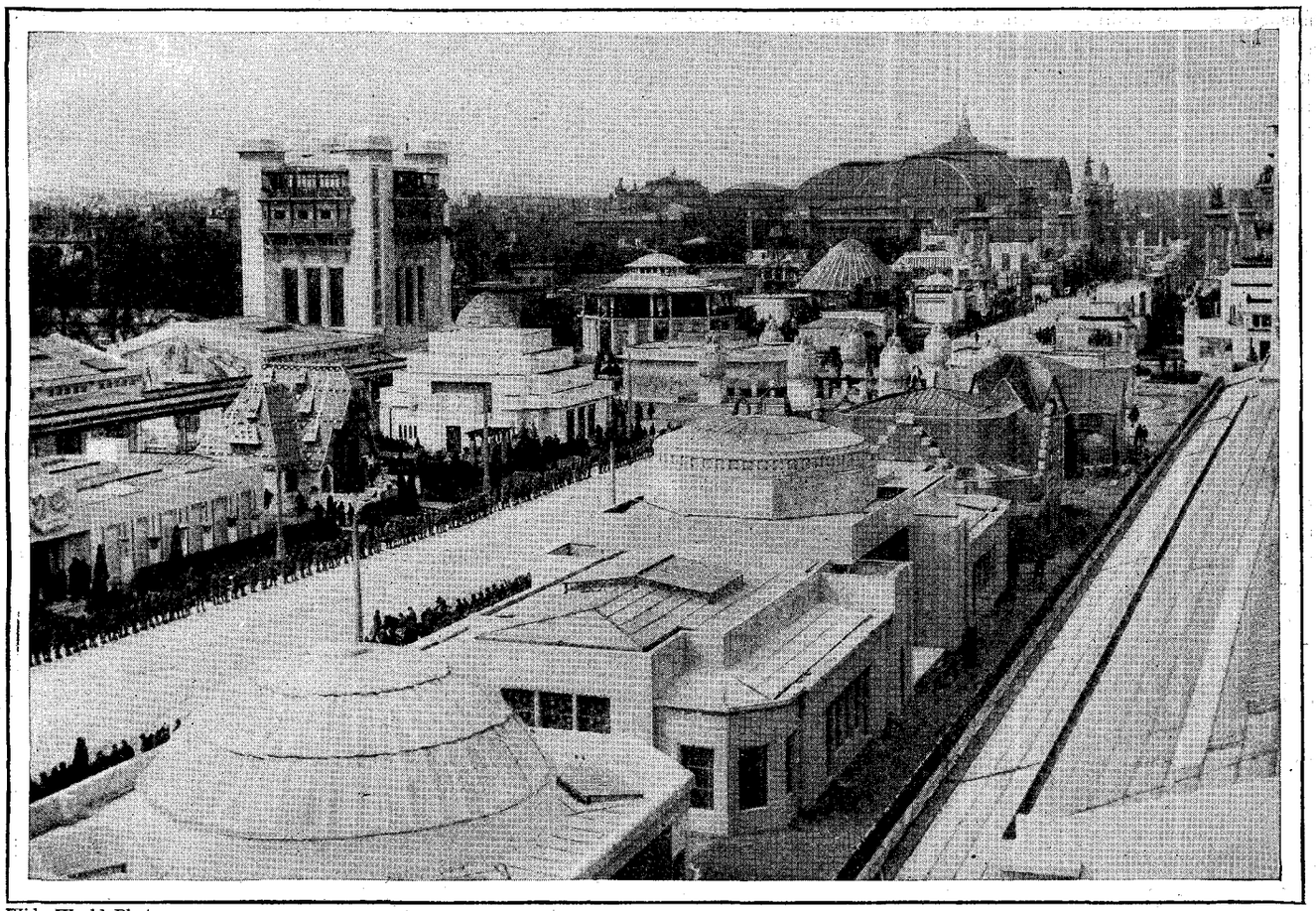

Wide World Photos

The official opening of the Paris Decorative Arts Exposition by President Doumergue and other high French officials

or other similar papers. Dailies like "L'Intransigeant" and "Le Quotidien" have their pavilions too; so have such monthlies as "L'Illustration" and "Le Monde Illustré."

The student of decoration is sure to take peculiar satisfaction in the exhibits of the French national, regional, and municipal Schools of Fine Arts, Decorative Arts, Industrial Arts. Their exhibits have been arranged for the most part by municipalities and with as little overlapping as possible. For example, the municipal school of Tours exhibits a studio workroom; the Bordeaux school, a room in a restaurant; the Amiens school a vestibule with a stairway leading from it; the Nantes school, the hall of a seaside cottage; the Rouen school, the cabin of a yacht; and the Nîmes school, the living-room of a workman's house, for the pursuit of decorative arts is by no means the exclusive possession of the rich.

The aim in all this has evidently been to show the understanding and harmony existing between art and industry. This, I believe, was what Ruskin and William Morris mainly strove for. To them is doubtless due in large degree the present increased movement towards decoration, extending from domestic architecture and personal attire to wall-paper, books, prints; theaters, halls, railway stations; gardens, parks, streets, towns, the countryside.

Moreover, there is here evident the desire, albeit often imperfectly expressed, to co-ordinate. It might be easier to gather together the various objects in classes, but gratefully often one finds each in its proper setting, as, for instance, a room entirely decorated and furnished, or, particularly, "the French village"—the graphic grouping of a church, a mayoralty, an inn, and various dwellings.

As one enters the Grand Palais (well known because of the *salons* it has harbored—*salons* of automobiles as well as of pictures), one is impressed by the exhibits of competing products from competing countries—designs, woodwork, carpentry, all sorts of curtain goods, laces, embroideries, tapestries, screens, furs, flowers, furniture, ribbons, jewelry, clocks, enamels, metal goods, glassware, stained glass, ceramics, lacquer, smith's work, ironware, steel ware, bronzes, chasings, engravings, electricity, lithography, painted and printed paper, typography, bookbindings. There comes the thought that a few years after a world armed conflict we have here a competition, not in the arts of war, but in the arts of peace. One feels this in noting what former enemy artists and decorators and artisans can do and are doing right alongside the French and their allies. Nor is the thought absent that the more peace competition is accentuated, the less likely will occasion for war arise.

We are now looking at products from Austria, Denmark, Finland, Poland, Sweden, Spain, Holland, Italy, Japan, China, Russia, Latvia, England, Luxemburg, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Greece. But there are no products from Germany or from the United States of America. It is singular that these countries should be unrepresented.

The Exposition contains no more interesting object to me than the clock facing the monumental stairway of the Grand Palais. That clock sounded the hour of inauguration for the Paris Universal Expositions of 1855, 1867, 1878, 1889, and 1900. It marks minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, years. It was constructed three-quarters of a century ago, and has varied hardly a hundredth of a second a year. I visited the Expositions of 1878, 1889, and 1900, and think of them every time I see their

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permanent and striking, if not altogether beautiful, remains—the Trocadéro Palace and the Eiffel Tower.

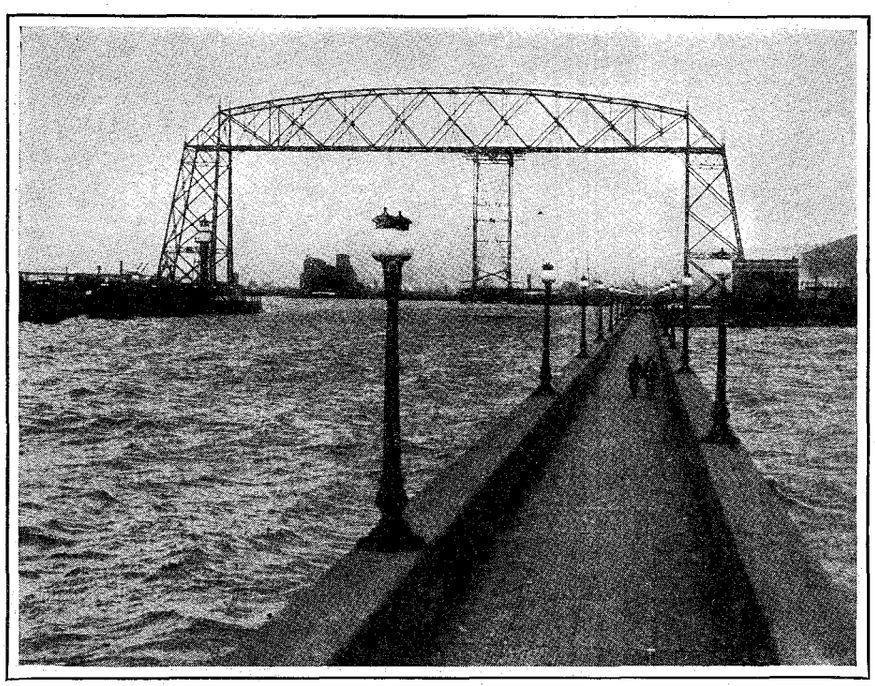
The present show is no universal exposition and occupies only about half the space taken alongside by the 1900 Exposition; that covered the Champ de Mars and the Trocadéro, without counting the annex at Vincennes. In some respects, however, the present Exposition can hardly fail to remind one of those others. Chiefly, I think, because of location. Like them, it takes an important section right out of the heart of the city—not like the British Empire Exhibition, which went out to Wembley, a goodish distance from London. A central location has its advantages and disadvantages. Certainly it is a time-saver to get to the Decorative Arts Show in five or ten minutes from your hotel, instead of taking half to three-quarters of an hour, as is the case at the Wembley Show—fortunately, continued this year. On the other hand, any exhibition in the heart of a city must necessarily be crowded and not do itself justice. The beautiful pavilions here, in national or provincial architecture, each needing a spacious landscape setting, are crowded upon one another, with consequent loss. You feel, somehow, as if in a kaleidoscope.

Duluth for the Dulutherans

A port city built on iron and dedicated to progress

By GEORGE MARVIN

THE most noticeable things at first sight about the formidable port of Duluth are its ugliness and its transportation. Its ugliness is extreme. Desperately it clings along the narrow verge of flat shore between the desolate waters of Lake Superior and the six-hundred-foot bluff that separates it from the almost equally desolate hinterland immediately behind it. Some of its growth straggles unevenly up on the hillside to the sweeping boulevard which caps the rise much as Riverside Drive on Manhattan Island tops the craggy shore of the Hudson. But the severity of winter winds have kept residences off the corresponding sites on Duluth's heights. It is as though a real estate attack in force lacked the courage to go over the top. The city's real growth is riparian, east and west along the lake shore and the almost landlocked harbor and around upon the estuary of the river St. Louis, which feeds and helps to make and unmake the harbor. By daylight this water-front is as hideous as unmitigated trade can make it. For a great part of its extent it is a succession of enormous coal docks with their titanic loading and unloading devices, gigantic piers of ore chutes, and monster grain elevators towering up like glorified silos or truncated cathedrals. Several railroads run into the heart of the city and there terminate with a bump. Looking down from the uncaptured green rampart upon the municipal fabric wrinkled along the water's edge, the railroad yards and sidings with their parallel lines of freight-cars form the warp of a pattern across which runs the woof of hotels, storage warehouses, wholesale stores, water-tanks, railroad stations, gas-houses, and office buildings. When there's a breeze from the lake, the panorama stands out cheerfully enough; but on hot days in July, when no breeze blew or when a Superior wind died down with the sun, a pall of soft-coal smudge, receiving contributions from a thousand sources afloat and ashore, settled down over the whole composition, making a twilight of its own.



The water-gate to Duluth. This canal, dug through a long natural breakwater and bridged aerially, is the sole, needle's-eye entrance to a port which, with the neighboring harbor of Superior, ranks among the largest in the world

The ugliness is extreme; the transportation is attenuated exceedingly. Lake freighters are built, like oil tankers, for bulk cargo and for utmost convenience in loading and unloading the bulky commodities of iron ore, coal, and wheat. Even ships which profitably combine passenger traffic with package freight and do a huge business in Great Lake waters during the tourist months, keeping up with the maritime Joneses, follow the prevailing mode in marine architecture. Processions of these craft pass all day long in single files through the needle's eye of the harbor mouth, where a dock-like canal, cut through the natural breakwater formed by the seven-mile residential sand spit called "Park Point," is bridged across by an aerial steel structure much as the Colossus of Rhodes used to straddle the narrow mouth of his Greek harbor in the classic days when "wops" went to sea in windjammers.

One of these ships measures close to 640 feet over all; several exceed six hundred, and practically all of them—except the occasional and hardy Norwegian packet of shallow draught which adventures all the way from Scandinavia through the Welland Canal full up with pulp to swap for wheat—measure well over five hundred feet. That's long enough, in fact. But, perhaps for some

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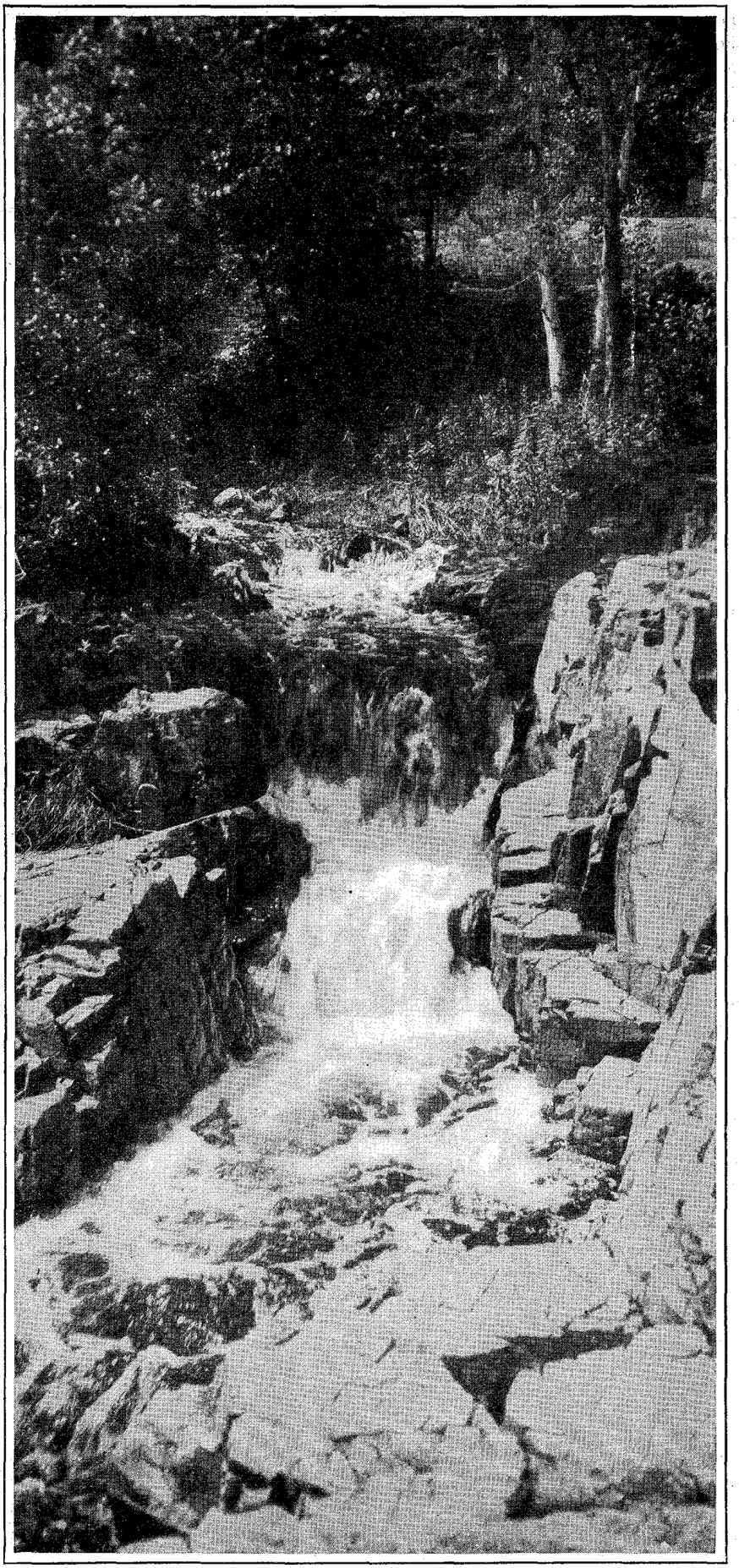
odd trick of Superior optics or because of their low free-board, when these dachshunds of the sea come snooping under the straddling legs of the Rhodesian bridge and go poking into their lairs among the coal heaps and the ore docks and the villages of grain elevators they look anywhere from a quarter to half a mile long. There's simply no end to them. Or, rather, one of their ends seems to have nothing whatever to do with the other. At the same time the white-painted pilot-house and bridge are leisurely crossing the water-vista end of Fifth Avenue the red-painted funnel and the propeller are stoutly plugging along by themselves just clearing the canal.

While you are watching from your hillside hotel these marine promenades of inbound and outbound freight the middle distance is animated by the no less leisurely passing of freight drawn by rail in trains of box cars, flat cars, and ore cars. There is no end to them either. Like interminable earthworms across a wet spring lawn, they crawl in opposite directions. You note the locomotive just making headway by the corner of the old Spaulding House at quarter-past nine, and at half-past the caboose has yet to rattle into sight. Cross-town traffic goes on by elevated streets and roadways trestled up over the freight yards.

And then, in the immediate foreground, the busses! Blue, white, brown, yellow—their name is legion. Some of them, with ventilating scales bristling on their long hoods and their projecting eyes glaring balefully, as they creep across the entire front of a plate-glassed café, look like the dragon in "Siegfried" except that they emit vapor from their hinder instead of their forward ends. At close range they are Pullmans; as though their enterprising companies had lifted drawing-room cars off their trucks onto balloon tires and made them even more Pullman. They run by printed time-tables, these dragons, all over the State of Minnesota and into adjoining States; out to the iron "ranges," up to the Canadian border to meet their alien dragons, and down to the Twin Cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul; and their windows are filled with the unworrying faces of citizenry faring hither and yon on their devious ways at forty miles an hour. How the freighters ever make the turns in the channel, how the busses ever negotiate the corners without accordion plaits, and what the suburban end of the ore trains do when the locomotive has to terminate—these are daily sources of conjecture. By night the story goes on in pantomime of gliding lights to a chorus of bells and whistles and peremptory hoots in *basso profundo*. Night



Duluth's parks keep the native wildness of the Arrowhead country of myriad lakes and rivers

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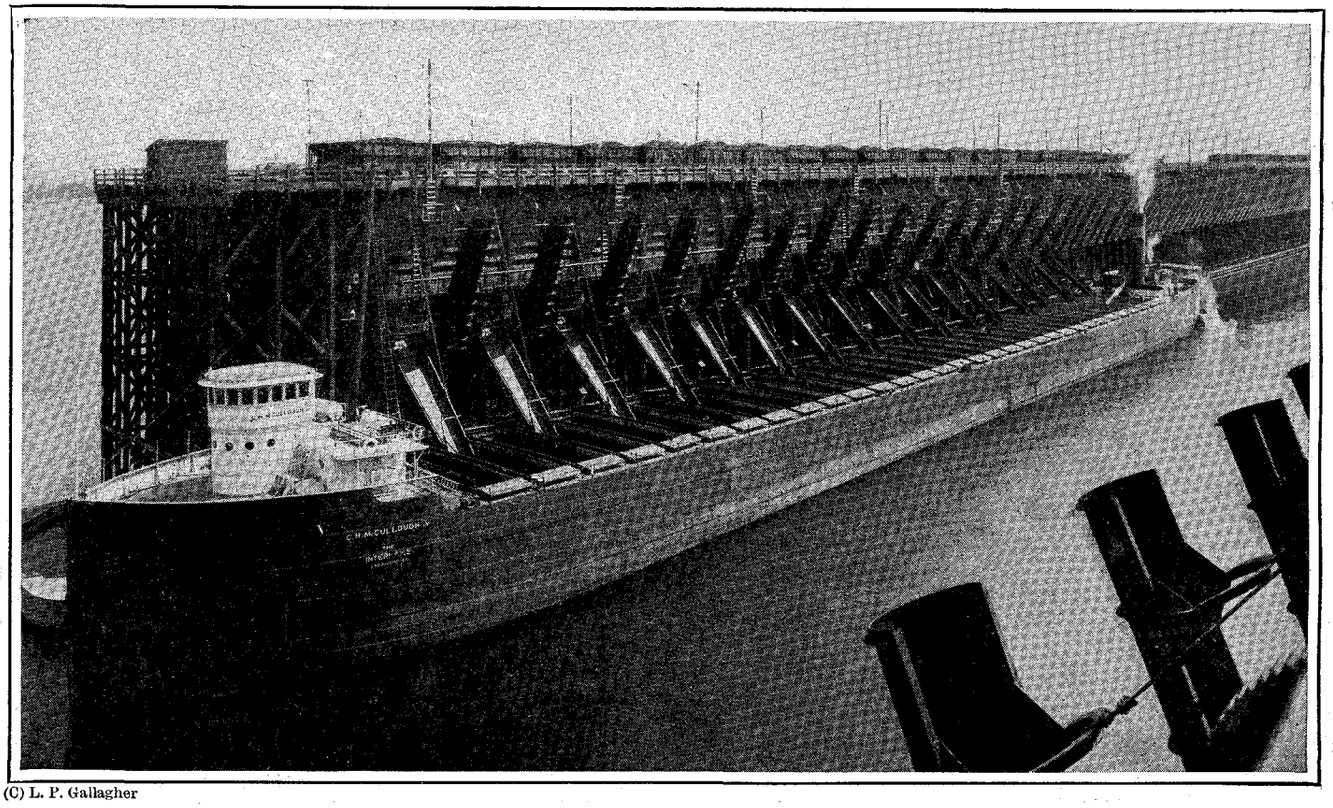

(C) L. P. Gallagher

Ore cars, shunted onto the tops of long loading docks, are placed immediately over the chutes which lead into the pockets of the long vessels lying below. Cargo is loaded almost as easily as oil out of pipe lines into tankers

covers up much, if not all, of the ugliness, too. Seen from the lake or far out in the harbor, Duluth, clinging to its heights, might be a less precipitous Quebec. The sporadic but half-hearted real estate assaults upon the escarpment glimmer up the slopes like hanging gardens. Against night skies, luminous with the indigo blue of northern latitudes, spires taper in devout silhouettes remindful of old cities of sleep.

These, of course, are impressions, pictures graven more deeply far than the facts of trade and progress which they typify or symbolize. For the ugliness and the python transportation of Duluth have their big significance. Here is an inland, fresh-water port, frozen up tight during four months of every year, which during the remaining eight months handles a greater tonnage by lake and land than goes to sea out of either New Orleans, Boston, or San Francisco. A map helps a good deal in clarifying this idea in the hazy geographical mind of the average United Statesian. On a good map, especially those which are obligingly clarified by red-inked trade routes, one survey substantiates the city's claim to port supremacy. Duluth is a funnel. It is the northwest head of navigation on the enormous system of waterways—inland seas, rivers, and canals—called the Great Lakes. And it is the northeast head of the rail transportation which sprays westward and southwestward over the broad States which constitute the wheat belt. It is not alone in this geographical distinction, for 211 miles to the northeast, along the shore of Lake Superior, Port Arthur, in Ontario, enjoys the same relative strategical value in Canadian intersectional trade that Duluth bears to the movement of the great staples of iron, coal, and wheat between the East and the West of the United States. In the movement and advantageous marketing of these bulk commodities a cheap water haul is a cardinal factor. During the calm months of summer weather the skies over Lake Superior merge with it in one undistinguishable expanse of slate blue. And out of what often seems to be the sky itself, leaving their trails of smoke on the zenith, the unending freighters one by one all day drop down to Duluth, sunk almost to the water's edge with cargoes of coal from Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Ashtabula, and Erie, three or four water days away in the anthracite or bituminous States of origin or transfer. Those same ships and others like them, as ponderously laden with iron ore from the Minnesota "ranges" or wheat from the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, and Nebraska, climb back up the sky again, leaving their trails of smoke behind to stratify together in land-simulating horizons, as they head for the steel works of Pennsylvania and Ohio and the grain warehouses of the Atlantic seaboard.

In the port of Duluth loading and unloading devices have reached an inhuman peak of speed efficiency. A twelve-thousand-ton cargo of iron has been loaded from the ore pockets of one of the mammoth docks *in less than seventeen minutes*. A lake freighter of that cargo tonnage, just two hours and thirty minutes after passing in under the steel Colossus of Duluth, cleared the canal bridge, again outward bound, laden to capacity and with its hatches battened down. The grain elevators that loom up in clumps of citadels handle the produce from the wheat fields of eight States with corresponding despatch. Every day in the harvesting season a million and more bushels of grain are elevated in and spouted out of them. Some of the biggest fellows unload eighteen full cars at one fell swoop, and repeat this process every half-hour, adding up a total of 360 cars every ten hours. Wheat streams run into the holds of the anaconda ships alongside the grain elevators almost as fast as iron drops through the neighboring ore chutes. Flowing at the rate of 20,000 bushels an hour through a single spout, a full cargo of 100,000 bushels can easily be sluiced on board in an hour's time.

With a similar appalling efficiency unloading machinery on twenty-four coal docks clutters up the smoky firmament as it yanks bituminous cargoes out of ships' holds with which to build ranges of black mountains, or stores the more precious and damageable anthracite under cover. Twelve thousand tons of coal,

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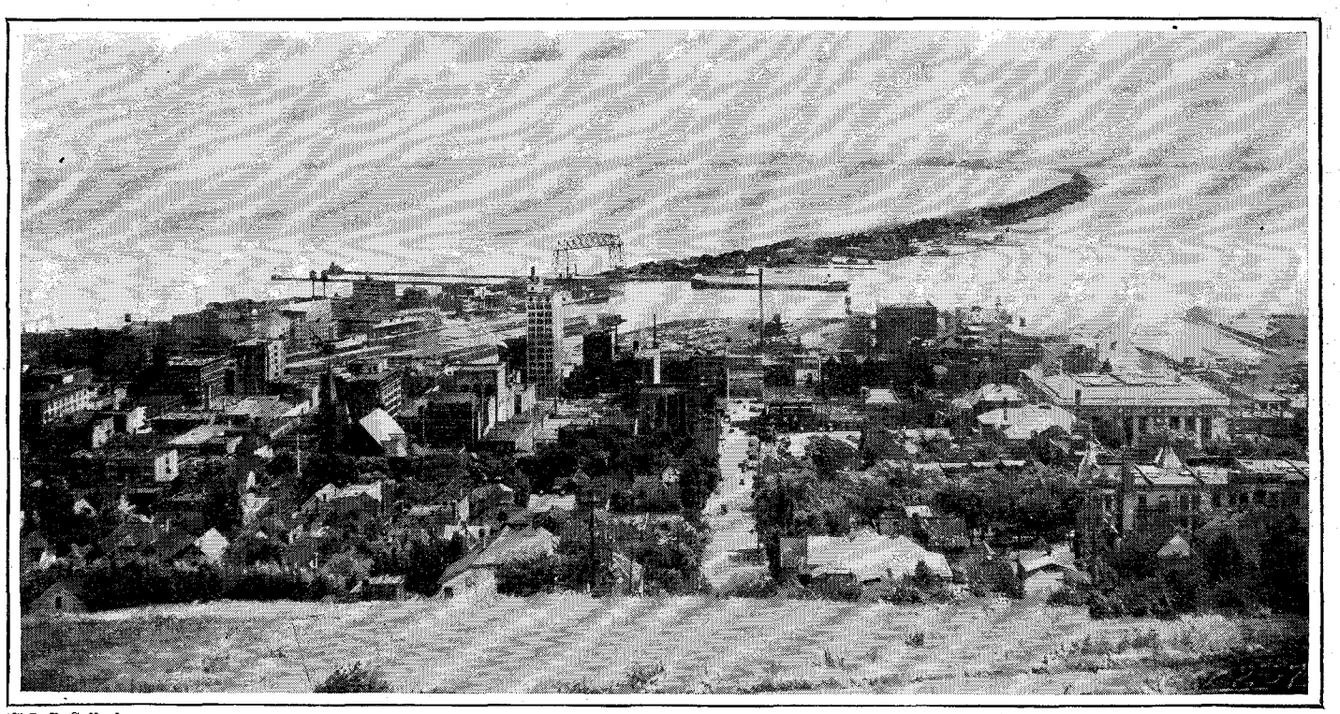
loaded at Lake Erie ports in six hours, can be unloaded at Duluth in eight hours. Even Henry Ford might experience some qualms of jealousy in contemplating such assemblings and turnovers.

The daily evidences of such quantity production, quantity dumping and discharging, and quantity shipping put you in a credulous mood for believing the monstrous figures quoted at you by the port authorities. Let us requote a few of them in passing: More iron ore is produced in St. Louis County, Minnesota—an area as large as the State of Massachusetts—than in any other district in the world. Duluth, the metropolis and port capital of St. Louis County, is the conduit pipe through which that ore—from sixty-two per cent to sixty-five per cent of all the iron mined in the United States—goes out to the world. Carrying out the funnel idea, this port is also the distributing center for inward-bound coal and outward-bound grain for an enormous territory, the exact figures for which, however, are so much in dispute that they do not bear quoting. Duluth, not content to sing its part in the old refrain of American port supremacy, claims second position in the shipping world! According to the latest reports of the United States district engineer's office, the "Twin Ports"—in all these superlative statistics the comparatively small Wisconsin city of Superior, just across the inter-State drawbridge, in an even closer relative position than that of Brooklyn to New York, gladly pools its totals with those of Duluth in recognition of the evident physical fact that their harbors are identical—in 1924 received and shipped 45,416,956 tons of freight, valued at more than $500,000,000, an increase since 1900 of 296 per cent. In 1923, an even more banner year, before the drain westward by Pacific ports through the Panama Canal had been severely felt, cargo tonnage almost reached the sixty million figure, 12,428 vessels clearing and entering during that period.

Without surging into the Chamber of Commerce tourist-folder dialect, perhaps enough has been almost incredibly quoted, on the most credible of authority, to substantiate Duluth's claim to material greatness. Passing over for the time being the railroads' assertions—in themselves a whale of a controversial article in these mid-continent localities of changing competition—it may be worthy of note that the comparatively new factor of bus transportation over high-grade State, county, and neighborhood thoroughfares is here truly formidable. Twenty-four of these German-opera dragons glide daily through Superior Street—Duluth's combined Fifth Avenue and Broadway—bringing in a monthly average of 45,000 visitors and prospective buyers.

Last week Duluth celebrated, with its "Iron Ore Golden Jubilee," its "Exposition of Progress." But, despite all the material progress which the iron city exposed with just pride—and an eye to the popularizing of the "Lakes-to-the-Sea Deep Waterway"—Duluth is at heart dissatisfied. It is suffering from an inferiority complex. Discontented with mere growth, it wants to boom with the boomers and boost with the boosters and Marathon-race with the other breathless and—whisper it not in Gath, *very tired*—other size-seeking municipalities. It doesn't want, forsooth, to go on indefinitely being a "Pittsburgh-plus" funnel. It wants to be a base with Pittsburgh. The iron and the coal and the grain flow through its port facilities, creating big pay-rolls as they go, but not increasing the community's economic wealth. Duluth aspires now to become a manufacturing center; to smelt its own iron and make its own steel, to mill its own flour; having cut down most of its own timber, to saw up somebody else's; to become the commission-taking gateway to the "Arrowhead" region of myriad lakes and streams and falls and portages whither it seeks to beguile the new big business of tourist development; and, finally, it wants to arise out of the congestion of second-largest in America to the premier port of the world.

Rather a large order, and entirely material. Duluth has sold itself *to* it, however, and is now out to sell the rest of the world *on* it. And, whatever one may think from an outside and, perhaps, less practical point of view, the people of Duluth, dominating the Superior Lake,



(C) L. P. Gallagher

A comprehensive view of the extraordinary port of Duluth

In the center distance Park Point extends, a perfect natural breakwater across the lake front of the harbor, seven miles away to Minnesota Point, at the entrance of the Twin Harbor of Superior, Wisconsin. Through this breakwater the people of Duluth cut the ship canal seen at its nearer end spanned by the famous aerial bridge, so constructed that traffic through the canal is never arrested by travel across it. A lake freighter is seen approaching the inner entrance to the canal, outward bound. Lake Superior extends east and south on the left, and the city is built in a crescent between the lake and the bluffs from which the picture is taken.

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cannot be blamed for their present dedication to the idea of exchanging the inferiority for the superiority complex. Recurrent booms have passed through and over them, leaving them essentially much as they were before, plus a rather humbling experience and a what's-the-use attitude of mind. First it was the railroads, then the ship canal, then the Minnesota Steel Plant, and just recently the abolishment of the "Pittsburgh-plus" rate-scale handicap on steel products. Duluth in its secret counsels, thinking of itself as a super-Chicago, feels that it has been kept thus far out of its just inheritance.

In 1902 this world-port-about-to-be-born was sawing wood for dear life in six or eight big sawmills. It was a lumber town, inhabited mainly by lumberjacks who shot here freely their rolls on pay day. It had a whirling, red-lighted "Bowery" of its own, and, with the exception of Hurley and Bemidje, it was the toughest town in the Northwest. That time has gradually died away as the felled and wasted timber faded out of the landscape. The pioneers who made their money in lumber have settled back into intrenched respectability, and the iron discovered in the land they cleared goes mainly to the enrichment of non-residents, creating *en route* a different kind of life. Ninety per cent of the iron mines are owned or operated by the Steel Trust, but the mine employees buy their silk shirts in Duluth.

Duluth has grown and has changed greatly. It shows a thirty per cent increase with every Census, not in the mushroom class of Los Angeles or Detroit, but maybe healthier. The inferiority complex has some compensating advantages. Last week's Jubilee with its Exposition of (commercial) Progress did not expose the more fundamental progress that the sounder part of the community is making in getting its civic feet more substantially on the ground, in giving up advisedly some of the grandiose bunk that makes up the boom propaganda of too many American communities. With all its superficial excitement, there is not, among the twoscore municipalities visited in this long pilgrimage—with one individual exception—a community of more good-natured, considerate, well-disposed, and courteous citizens.

During the hurly-burly of the week preceding the big "Expo," as the local papers named their forthcoming show, the Minnesota Lutherans held their twenty-third annual Convention in Duluth, where the Scandinavian sixty-three per cent of the total population are mostly of that faith. The meetings, attended by thousands, passed comparatively unnoticed in the blare of the approaching Jubilee, being "put over" by every means known to high-pressure promotion, even to the extent of transporting a heat-stricken citizen of Kansas in a refrigerator car to the advertised Superior climate of the Exposition neighborhood in the "Arrowhead" region (On the day he arrived the thermometer stood over 90° on the streets of Duluth and unrefrigerated citizens were dying of the heat in other parts of Minnesota.) The Lutherans did not proclaim their meetings as expositions of progress. But some there were who came away with the surmise that more real progress had there been actually recorded. Duluth has as good a chance as any other American community to make the discovery that "progress" cannot be added up in columns of figures or "featured" in terms of size.

The Scramble for "Fighting Bob's" Shoes

Special Correspondence from Madison, Wisconsin

By STANLEY FROST

THE politics of the Badger State, always one of the most colorful, confused, and calorific of our civic side-shows, is beginning to reel already from the first tremors of the wild scramble to win the rich political inheritance left by Senator Robert M. La Follette. A struggle is starting that can hardly be decided in the next two years, and may last much longer; one that will be deadly and bitter, because the prizes include, not only control of the State, with all that means in prestige and power, but very possibly the National leadership of the whole Progressive movement.

The result of this struggle may be a complete rebirth of the movement, with new leadership, new organization, and perhaps even new purposes—at least a restatement of the old ones. But it is almost equally likely that in the pulling and hauling over "Fighting Bob's" mantle the garment will be so rent that no single piece will be left big enough to cover its winner with any great political dignity. The fight may not end until the Progressive movement—at least so much of it as Wisconsin owns—is laid on the shelf along with Greenbacks, Free Silver, the Bull Moose, and the Non-Partisan League.

THE issue here, and the only immediate issue, however, is who will be La Follette's heir in this State. In money he left little, but in political power his inheritance is as peculiar as it is enormous. The man who can win it will have, besides the glory of leading a fight for an ideal, almost unbounded control over the destinies of his State—and of his friends. That lure would tempt any man. Also—and no reflection is intended on any particular one of the presumptive heirs—he would have unbounded opportunities for personal profit. There have been reform leaders before this who have been able greatly to moderate their trouble-making tendencies when personal considerations intervened. There may be some men in the State who have thought of this.

The struggle for heirship, at any rate, and for whatever reason it is undertaken, will be about as complex and violent as can be imagined. Partly this will be due to the peculiar nature of "Fighting Bob's" political strength, and partly to the fact that his own dictatorial qualities allowed no minor leadership near him. Hence he has left no trained successor; in the true sense, he has no heir. There is no one man into whose hands the reins naturally fall; no one who can pick up where he left off.

THERE is no one even who knows with any exactitude the secret of his power or the relative value of the different factors in it. There is a machine, of course, and a very effective organization it is, with unusually large patronage because of the scores of departments and bureaus created under the paternalistic government he sponsored. There is also the "Progressive spirit," which is neither truly partisan nor truly organized, and which was not wholly La Follette's, since many of the best of its leaders were driven out of his immediate group, and still retained much power. There was the support, because of his war record, of the bulk of the Germans. But more than all these

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P. & A. Photos

Governor John J. Blaine

there was a confidence, a loyalty, a hero worship which amounted almost to deification, and which was probably greater than was ever given to any other American leader. Since Lincoln, at least, no such tribute has been paid any man as was offered at his funeral here.

THERE is a very serious question, however—how much of this can ever be won by another man; even a question how much of it was ever truly "Progressivism" in the sense that it could be counted upon and delivered as such. It is a peculiar fact that in all his political battles in this State La Follette was seldom able either to win office for his friends or to punish his enemies, and when he did succeed it was by a narrow margin. During the height of his power, for example, Emanuel L. Philipp, a conservative and a bitter political critic, was three times elected Governor. It is also a fact that during the Bull Moose campaign both La Follette and Wisconsin put their resentment because La Follette had not been nominated ahead of the success of the Progressive Party, and let the State go Democratic. On the other hand, the local conservatives have long since come to hold views not very different from the La Follette policies, and there was apparently real cause for resentment against Roosevelt. Thus, except for his personal magnetism, there is no clear guide to the real strength of Progressivism or of the La Follette leadership. It may be that there is not much to be inherited from him, after all.

In the National field the opportunity is much more certain. There the Progressives have suffered sadly from the general dearth of real leadership which marks present-day politics. There has been no development of either the stability or the gift of wise compromise which is needed for political power. Since the failure of the third party movement—a movement frankly undertaken in large part in the hope of providing an organization that would outlast La Follette's passing—there seems no immediate chance of any such leadership, unless it can be uncovered here. If Wisconsin can send the right man to the Senate, he will hardly be challenged in taking over control of the blocs in both houses.

AMONG the immediate La Follette followers in the State there is hardly a question as to who the right man is. The influence of the name is so wide and powerful that thousands take it for granted that the entire heritage of political power belongs in the family by inalienable right. There is only one of the family who can assume it—Robert M. La Follette, Jr., or "Young Bob," now just past thirty, and therefore eligible to election. The other son, Philip, is still too young, and Mrs. La Follette, though she has been her husband's right hand and helper in a real and most unusual way, does not want the place. She is only a little younger than her husband, is not in the best of health, and wishes to devote herself to preparing her husband's memoirs.

Politicians estimate that she could poll some fifty thousand more votes even than "Young Bob," but she will not be drafted in the coming Senatorial race so long as her son seems likely to win. Even if she should be so drafted, it would be only to hold the fort till "Young Bob" can strengthen his own position.

"Young Bob" goes into the race, then, with a magnetic personality, recognized talent, and considerable if vicarious political experience as an aide to his father, but his real political asset is his inheritance of the name and its popularity, and credit for an inbred understanding of and loyalty to the La Follette ideas and methods. On the face of things, and in Wisconsin, his election ought to be certain.

BUT there is sand in the bearings—a good deal of it. The second part of the La Follette heritage, and in practical politics a part at least as important as any, is the organization. La Follette had left that in the hands of a very able lieutenant, Governor John J. Blaine. There were signs of friction, however, even before La Follette's death, and not

(C) Underwood

Ex-Governor Francis E. McGovern

a few of the more ardent La Follette followers are now accusing Blaine of attempting to seize absolute power and to become the real leader. This, to them, is at least *lèse-majesté* if not outright treason.

THERE is no question of Blaine's desire to go to the Senate; it had been understood before Senator La Follette's death and had the Senator's approval, but the race was to have been made next year against Senator Lenroot, who had fallen into the La Follette bad books. The technical and tactical political situation happens to give to Governor Blaine some strong cards, which he is accused of using against "Young Bob." Under State law, the Governor can call a special election at any time he wishes, or can fail to call it at all and leave the choice of La Follette's successor till the general election next year. What particularly allows pressure on the La Follettes is that one of "Young Bob's" big assets is the sentiment aroused by his father's death, and, as this will die out rapidly, it is greatly to his interest to have the election held as soon as possible.

Blaine is a strong and astute politician, a good campaigner, and an able administrator, though without the capacity of winning many close friends or much public confidence. He is under heavy fire at present. He is accused of using the State pay-roll to build a personal machine; there have been several minor scandals involving his appointees; he is charged with "playing" for the Catholic vote. But particularly the State is seething over a tax law which

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was loudly advertised as the most perfect ever drawn, but had to be recalled and seriously amended before the Legislature adjourned. Even yet it has provisions which the poorer and more numerous classes view with much alarm. His friends argue that this indignation will have died down by next year; his enemies all predict that it will increase, and that other doings of his, not yet under fire, will add to it.

At any rate, it is generally admitted that Blaine will need all the help he can get if he is to beat Lenroot next year. Lenroot, as a "regular," will have the full support of the Coolidge Administration, he already has the entire Federal patronage of the State, he is not seriously opposed by the Progressives, and he seems to be growing in strength. There are indications that Blaine has held up the call for the special election till he could force from the La Follettes adequate assurance of their full support.

His friends say he will have it; that without the other neither he nor "Young Bob" can win, but that together they are both safe. The understanding is that the special election will be called so that the primaries will fall about the middle of September, after the harvests are in and the farmers can vote without trouble, and that, with Blaine's organization and "Young Bob's" popularity, other candidates will not have a chance. Next year, the friends go on, "Young Bob" will have increased his prestige and influence, and will be able to pull Blaine through. Blaine, personally, says nothing.

NEITHER do the La Follettes say anything. But there are two or three flaws in this plan. In the first place, Blaine is extremely ambitious, and there is little doubt that he would have a better chance to win this year than next. He would be happier if he could induce "Young Bob" to wait over. These same friends of Blaine's provide the second rift, for they are hinting quite openly that, under this arrangement, Blaine shortly will hold the real power.

"With two Senators, one an experienced politician in control of the organization, and the other a youngster with nothing but a big name, which will be the real boss?" one man remarked. "You can figure that out for yourself—easy!"

And, partly because of this and partly because of previous attachments and repulsions, it is rather doubtful whether the La Follettes would take the field actively against Lenroot. Certainly if they tried they could not throw to Blaine anything like their full strength. Distrust of Blaine among the La Follette followers is so great, in fact, that the plan to have the Legislature authorize the Governor to appoint a Senator had to be abandoned. Too many people were afraid he would appoint himself! So Blaine is far from being secure, at best, and therefore is not at all certain to give "Young Bob" unlimited support, no matter what his surface attitude may be.

"Everything looks fairly smooth," one of the oldest and wisest of the intimate La Follette coterie remarked. "But it's very likely not to work out that way at all. If any personal ambitions cut into the strength of the real Progressives, there's a pretty good chance that an outsider might get in. If that happened, and they are fairly clever, and could hold on a few years, I expect the Progressives would never get back. There's not so much difference between them now as there used to be, and there's a good deal in possession of political power being nine points of success, you know."

These outsiders, in fact, feel that there is a good chance for them this year, even without a split between Blaine and the La Follettes. They say that the La Follette strength is disintegrating fast. The Socialists have already withdrawn some sixty thousand votes. There will be strong opposition to any La Follette man from the Ku Klux Klan, and politicians estimate this at around another sixty thousand. The anti-La Follette men argue also that the personal popularity of the late Senator cannot be transmitted even to his son; that the support given by the Germans is breaking up as the war moves into the past; that there is a big vote which never went to the polls so long as there was no chance of beating La Follette, but that will come out now; and, finally, that there will be widespread resentment at the attempt to establish a "La Follette dynasty" of overlords of Wisconsin.

THE weakness of the opposition is that it is divided; there are three candidates in the field already (July 12), and there will be more.

Foremost is Francis E. McGovern, an ex-Governor with a splendid record, whom La Follette cast out because he insisted on supporting Roosevelt at the crisis of the 1912 Convention. He is a thorough Progressive, even according to his worst enemies, and the La Follette people consider him the most dangerous opponent. He came within a few hundred votes once of winning the Senatorship against La Follette's bitter opposition. He is able, eloquent, with an unblemished record, and his campaign will be based on the charge that Blaine has prostituted Progressivism, that "Young Bob" is still unfit for the task of leadership, and that the movement needs to return to the older tradition. He will gather most of the anti-La Follette and anti-Blaine strength inside the Progressive ranks and some votes from outside, and will benefit from all the La Follette weaknesses already listed. But he has not been forgiven for his "apostasy" in favor of Roosevelt, has no organization and little time to build one.

ANOTHER of the strong contenders is Roy P. Wilcox, who has made close races in previous elections. He is a wealthy man, though he also ranks as a Progressive—not quite so Progressive. His strength is uncertain, as he is not completely approved by either Progressives or "Stalwarts" of the old line. Moreover, there will be some opposition because he is a Catholic. But he is a splendid campaigner, and the heavy votes he has received before make him formidable.

Other factions need hardly be considered. The "Stalwarts" have a candidate in Arthur S. Barry, running on a 3½ per cent beer platform, and the Democrats and Socialists will each have a man in the field. But none is likely to accomplish much. The real race will be in the Republican primary, and its nominee will unquestionably be elected. There is no likelihood of a third party or an independent ticket. The Progressives control the regular Republican machinery completely, and the results of previous independent candidacies in Wisconsin offer no encouragement for another experiment.

IT is, of course, far too soon to make any reasonable prediction as to the result of the fight, but, no matter who wins, at least two things are already clear. The first is that, no matter who is elected—Blaine, La Follette, McGovern, or Wilcox—he will continue nearly on the line of the La Follette custom in the Senate, and will be no comfort to the Administration.

More important is it that for some time, and probably for some years, the Progressive movement will be without effective leadership. Since Senator Norris has refused command, there is no one available from other States, and Wisconsin is not yet in a position to offer it. It can come only after a considerable struggle and much growth by the individual aspirants, and in that period of stress the chances are more than even that the Progressive movement as we now know it will be wrecked through infinite rivalries and indefinite divisions.

July 12, 1925.

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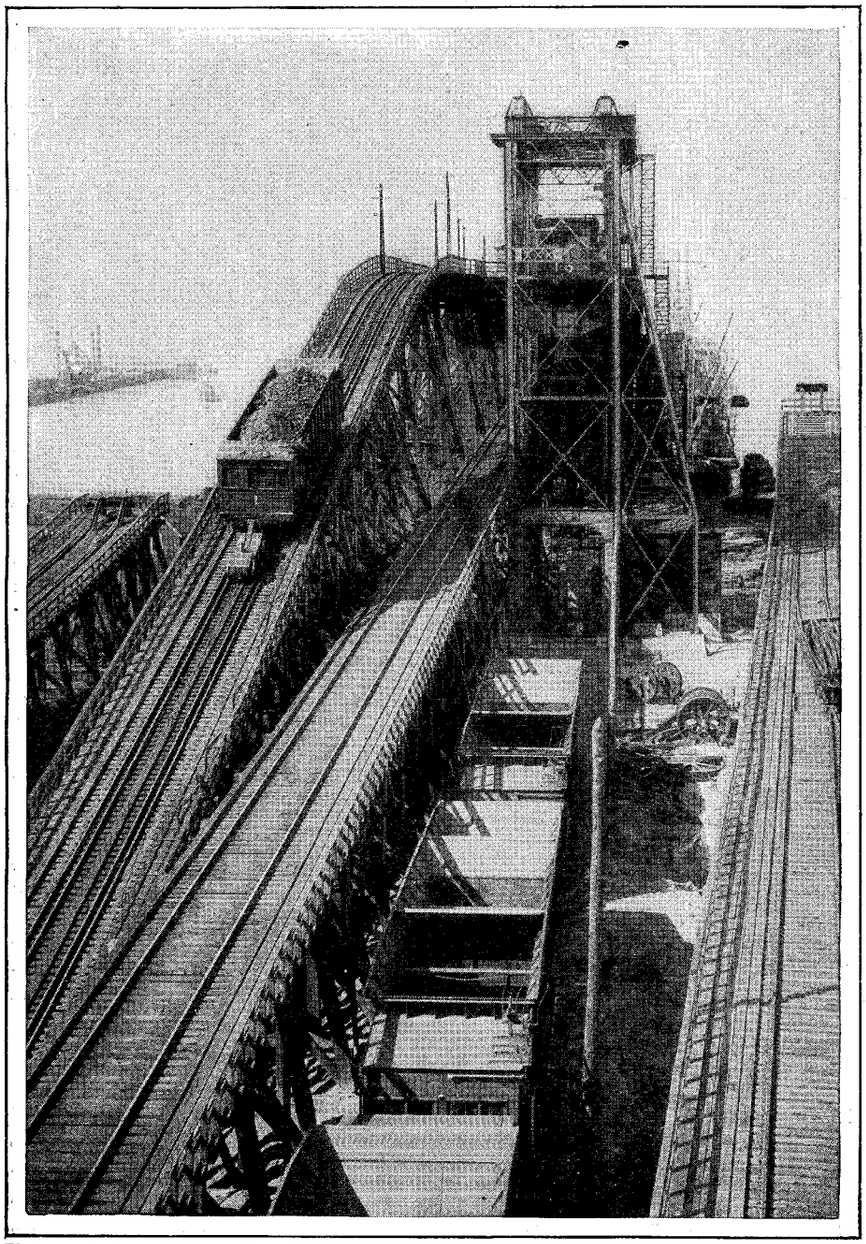
Flowing Coal

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

CRUDE oil and natural gas flow to market through pipes; electricity, over wires. Coal still cumbers the railroads to the appalling extent of one-third their entire freight-carrying capacity, to say nothing of burdening countless trucks and wagons, ships and barges, yet its migrations have been so facilitated by a host of admirable inventions in the field of mechanical handling that it has almost passed into the category of fluid commodities. The metamorphosis thus brought about in coal transport is, to be sure, sporadic. The coal industry, like other industries, is a medley of the modern and the mediæval. Yet the total amount of progress realized in the direction of *fluent coal* is one of the most spectacular industrial developments of our generation.

Let us see how, under the best of modern conditions, coal *flows*, from the moment it is dislodged from its immemorial bed by a charge of blasting powder, after preparatory cutting and drilling by labor-saving machinery.



Photograph from Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Co.

Where coal goes to sea

One of the Virginian Railway's coal piers at Sewall's Point, Virginia, famous for its mechanical equipment

First, some kind of loading or conveying mechanism (there are a dozen or more in use) *pours* it into the mine car, with little or no aid from the miner. Next, a dumpy locomotive, electric or pneumatic, hauls the loaded car to daylight. At the top of the tipple or breaker (the mine structure above ground) the car is clamped to the frame of the "rotary dump," which turns it upside down over a chute. Then begins a *flow* that is fraught with episodes, more or less numerous and complicated according to the amount of preparation the coal requires for its market. Nowadays not only anthracite but also a great deal of bituminous coal undergoes elaborate treatment in the way of crushing, screening, picking, washing, and what-not, as the sable stream moves downward to the waiting railroad cars. The flowing of the commodity is a necessary condition of these operations. The stream may be either sluggish or torrential. The water of Lodore is less worthy of lyric description than the thundering cataract that descends the "spiral separator," in which coal is literally tossed in spray from the vortex of heavier refuse.

Coal *flows* down chutes or along a "loading boom" into the cars beneath the tipple. Now examine these cars, and you will see that they are, as a rule, designed expressly for transporting a fluent load. They discharge through the bottom. There are, however, two distinct ways of unloading coal cars, both of which involve *pouring* the coal. The gates at the bottom of the car may be opened, permitting the contents to stream down into a coal pocket, a ship's hold, or elsewhere. The alternative plan is more striking. The car with its load is picked up bodily in the mighty embrace of a "car-dumper" and turned upside down, just as the little mine cars are capsized on the tipple by the rotary dump. There are other unloading methods, more or less antiquated.

Mechanical loaders for trucks and wagons carry on the story of flowing coal. Some of the most remarkable events of this story are enacted within the walls of factories and other places where the coal is consumed. Overhead bins in the boiler-room, from which the coal *flows* down to furnace grates equipped with mechanical stokers, have put many a hand shovel out of business. Lastly, coal becomes fluid in almost a literal sense when, as now happens in a

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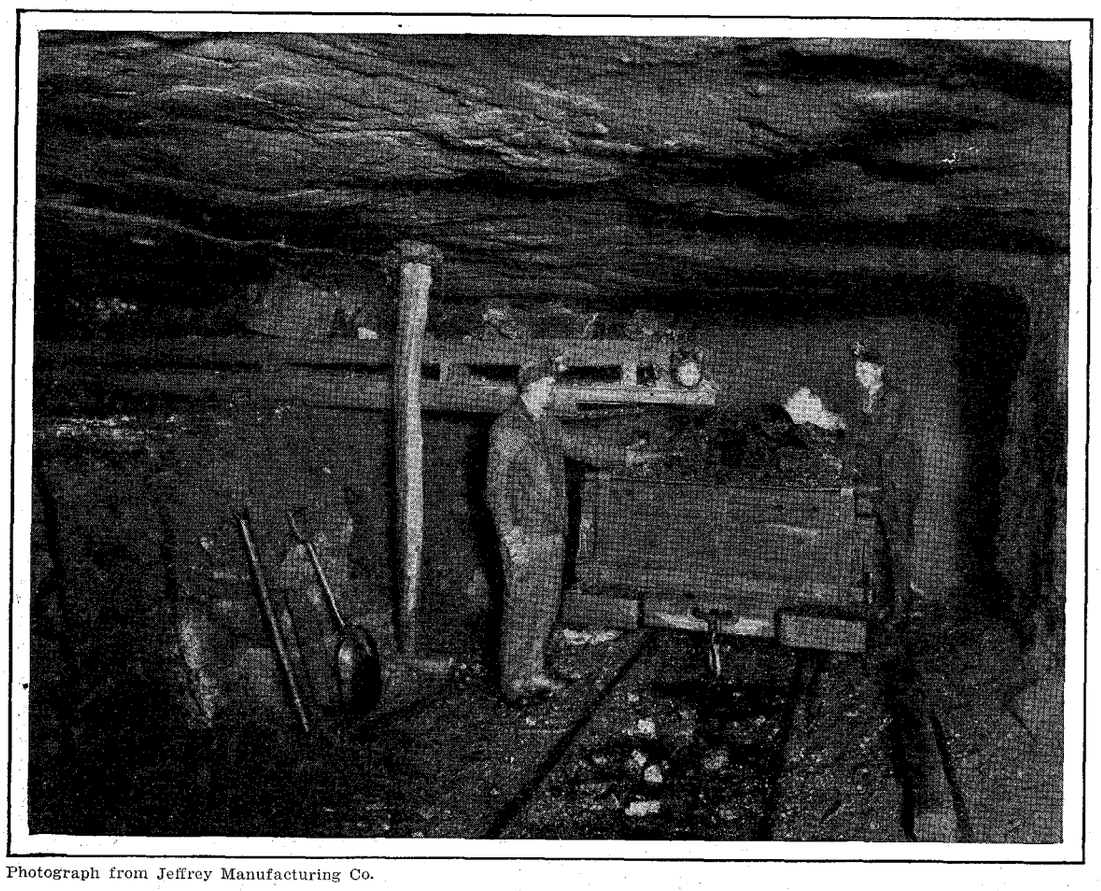

Photograph from Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

Loading a Coal Car in the Mine with a Conveyor

A word of warning goes with this picture. Views of labor-saving mining machinery have been so widely published as to create the impression that mechanical power has almost entirely replaced muscular effort on the part of the miner, *but this* is far from being the case. There are many ingenious machines for loading mine cars, but their use is still quite exceptional. The contrivance here illustrated is a conveyor adapted for use only in mines laid out according to the "long-wall" system, which *is rare in this country*. Mechanical shoveling devices, similar in principle to those used above ground, are more common. Some mines have recently installed long lines of belt conveyors for hauling the coal out of the mine, in lieu of the mine locomotive with its *"trip" of cars*

Photograph from Jeffrey Manufacturing Co.

Facilis Ascensus Averni

The loaded mine cars climb from portal to tipple, and the "empties" return to the mine. This mechanical mobilizer of coal is known as the "endless-chain car haul"

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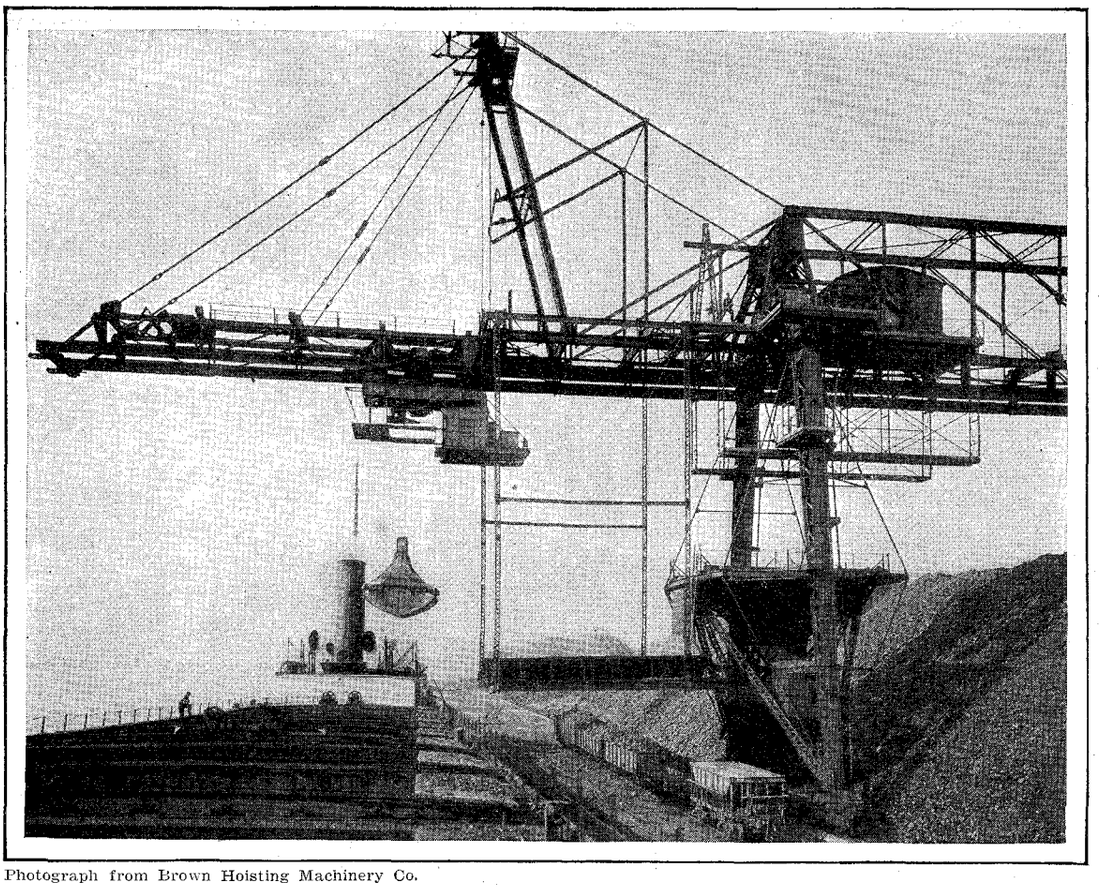
Unloading Coal "up the Lakes"

The colossal coal piers (miscalled "docks") at the upper end of Lake Superior receive on an average ten million tons of coal during the season of navigation, and there are single piers with a storage capacity of a million tons. They are spanned by huge coal-handling bridges of the type herewith illustrated. Note at the left the grab-bucket, which takes six tons of coal at a "bite" out of the hold of a ship. It is suspended from a trolley, which includes accommodations for the operator and runs back and forth along the bridge. The bucket is discharged either onto the stock pile for storage or into screening apparatus, by which it is sized and delivered to railroad cars. The entire bridge with its appurtenances is movable on tracks along the pier



Photograph from Brown Hoisting Machinery Co.

Photograph from Wellman-Seaver-Morgan Co.

Car-Dumpers at Hampton Roads

This picture shows the approach to one of the two great coaling piers of the Virginian Railway at Sewall's Point, Virginia. The prominent structures are car-dumpers, which perform the spectacular feat of turning loaded coal cars upside down in order to discharge their contents into the transfer cars by which the coal is conveyed to the upper deck of the pier. The larger dumper, at the left, handles two cars at a time. The two dumpers have unloading capacities of 3,600 and 1,800 tons of coal an hour, respectively. Similar machines are used at Lake Erie ports to load the great fleet of vessels carrying coal to the upper lakes

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rapidly growing multitude of factories and power plants, it is ground to impalpable powder before being conveyed by a current of air into the furnace, where it burns as a "mechanical gas." This is the last word in coal fluency, up to date.

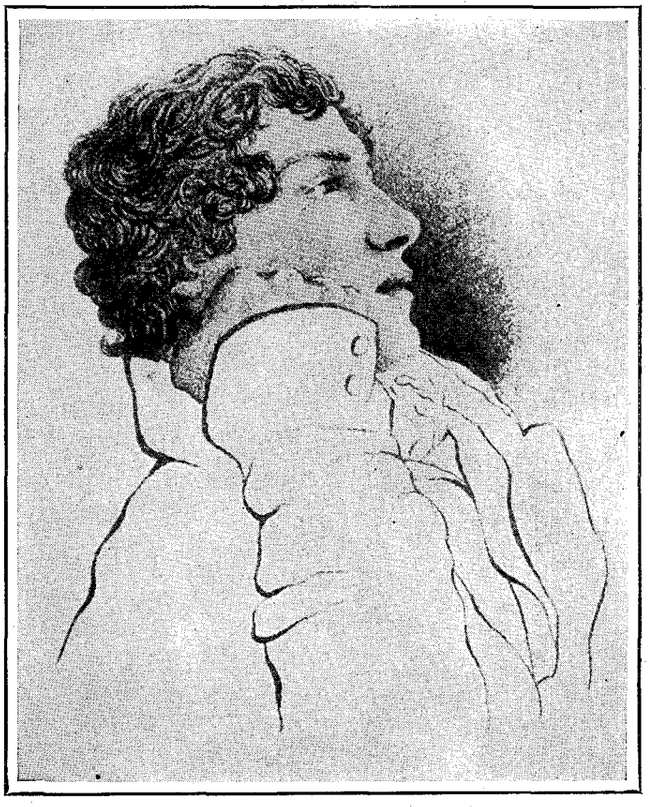
The next step is already dreamed about. Some day—somehow—coal must be made to yield up all its worth in power and substantial products without leaving the spot where nature lodged it. Coal must *cease* to flow.

The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Keats under a Microscope

A Review by CLARA BELLINGER GREEN



Pencil drawing of Keats by Charles Brown

From a photograph of the original drawing. Reproduced by permission of the National Portrait Gallery, London

Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE fourth printing of Amy Lowell's "John Keats"[1] and, simultaneous with it, a new edition of Sir Sidney Colvin's biography, emphasizes the extent of the interest revived in the young English poet by Miss Lowell's spirited and exhaustive work. The reason is not hard to find.

Keats is among the immortals, as he wished to be; but he is a very young immortal, because he did not live to grow up. Miss Lowell has visioned and pictured him as he would have been had he lived to fulfill the splendid promise of his short twenty-five years of life. In so much she has overscaled her portrait. But she has also added brilliancy to an always picturesque figure in English literature.

[1] John Keats. By Amy Lowell. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $12.50.

Vividly interested in her theme, eager, almost vehement in her opinions, keen on details and correct dates, zealous in her "hunt for sources," doing battle with all who differ with her, and withal conversational in style, she made the reading of these two volumes like a long lively talk with the author, and at the end—as though we had lived every day of the poet's life with him—we know Keats and all his works.

"Keats was in essence one of the most original of all poets," says St. Loe Strachey. That Miss Lowell finds him modern is explained, doubtless, by this very originality—the "new voice" in poetry which his generation heard, recognized, and, except in his immediate circle, resented is what, Miss Lowell thinks, places him properly in our own century.

"Old letters are old-fashioned stuff," she says; "Jane Austen's books also date. But where is the period of Keats's letters? Right here, now. Keats himself, even with the difference of a turn of a phrase here and there, is all of to-day."

With Miss Lowell it is imperative to fix the day, even the part of the day, on which Keats composed a sonnet, what influences inspired it, what were its adventures and ultimate fate. Frequently the original manuscript fell into her own hands in the end.

After writing his sonnet on King Lear, Keats writes to Bailey, "In my next you shall have it." The biographer adds, "Why he did not copy it then and there was because he had filled his sheet and had only half a 'doubling' left to copy it upon."

Tom Keats copies one of his brother's sonnets into his book, dating it Christmas Eve, Sunday, December 24, 1816. "But Christmas Eve fell, in 1816, on a Tuesday—not on a Sunday," says Miss Lowell. All three of the Keats boys were inaccurate on dates, she finds, John himself sure only of the year and day of the week, frequently leaving the day of the month to be inferred. Following him on a trip from Hampstead to Devonshire, she finds that "the Teignmouth coach ran only on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday," concludes from various letters that he took the Monday coach and—differing from other authorities—arrived at Teignmouth at eleven or twelve o'clock. She ascertains from excellent reasoning the exact line where he stopped his first day's work on "Endymion" and accompanies him on succeeding days. She notes the day on which he begins the fourth book of "Endymion" and when and where he leaves off. "On that short November day the sun set at quarter past four." "November 22, 1816, was a Friday," settles another matter. She differs with Sir Sidney Colvin as to

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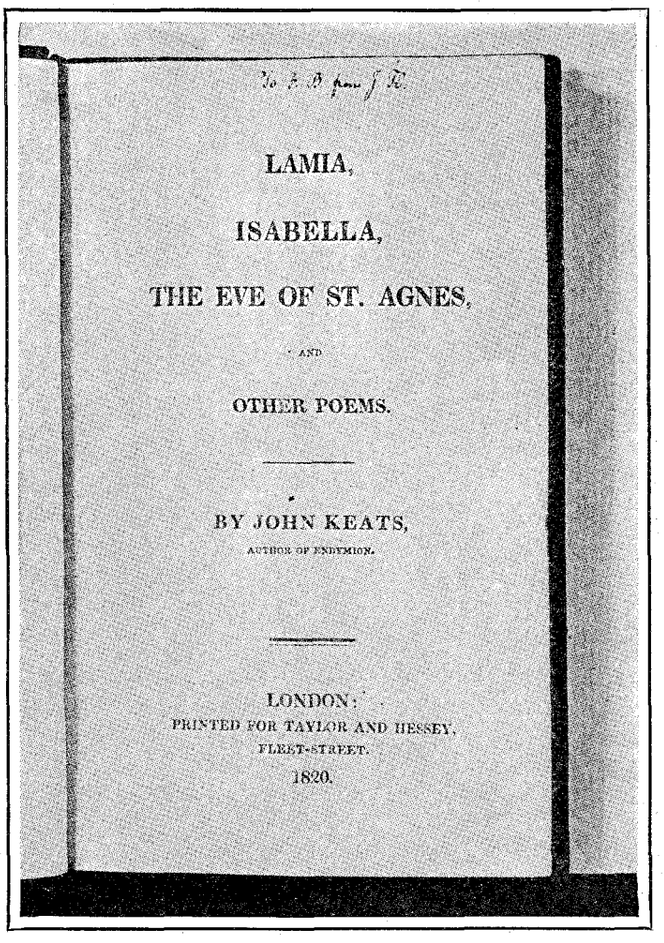
which of Keats's friends, Reynolds or Bailey, introduced him to his second publishers, Taylor and Hessey.

"Why I believe this note, although undated, to refer to the visit already planned on October 31, is the simple fact that 'Timon of Athens' [referred to in the note] was at Drury Lane for the ten days beginning on October 28."

Keats's method of composing the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" she analyzes thus: "There are signs in this sestet that the first part of it to be composed were 'mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude wasting of old Time' and 'the shadow of a magnitude,'" which she later calls "one of the finest and most startling expressions in all poetry." "'Dizzy pain' did, I think, come next and the rhyme is to blame for 'main.' ...The octave came easily enough.... He knows his two epithets, 'mingles Grecian grandeur,' etc., and 'the shadow of a magnitude' must end the poem, not begin it—there are therefore some twelve lines to be done before he can arrive at them."

Differing from Buxton Forman as to the date of a letter, she says, "I believe that Keats wrote this letter to Bailey either the day before, on November 21, or in the morning or afternoon of the 22d."



Title-page of the copy of "Lamia" given by Keats to Fanny Brawne

Author's Collection

Courtesy Houghton Mifflin Co.

Some disagreement existed among biographers as to the exact date of the publication of "Poems 1817," to which she gives a full page, in the end accepting Sir Sidney Colvin's opinion that it occurred on March 3, from the following circumstance: "There exists a copy of the 'Poems 1817,' which seems to have been the property of Charles Ollier [Keats's first publisher.] In it some one, presumably Ollier, has written a sonnet to Keats. This sonnet is dated the second of March, 1817. Of course it is possible that the sonnet was written on that day and copied into the book later, but, if the book was Ollier's (and no one appears to doubt it), there is good reason to suppose that the date given was that of the sonnet's composition and that the book was bound and ready some days earlier. Ollier, being the publisher, would have a copy as soon as the volume came from the binder, of course—"

A letter from Keats, which Buxton Forman dates November 5, Miss Lowell thinks incorrect, since "Keats in the second half began the letter afresh, a fact which Buxton Forman did not know."

Of the unrhymed sonnet "What the Thrush Said" Buxton Forman supposes: "Keats consciously translated the wild melody of the thrush into an unrhymed sonnet structure." Miss Lowell devotes five and a half pages, or 1,870 words, including the sonnet itself, to this discussion, concluding with: "Let us suppose Keats *unconsciously* saturated with this bird call repeated again and again, his subconsciousness seized upon the fact and projected it into the poem as an inherent atmospheric necessity. . . . The form of the poem, then, viewed from the psychological angle, becomes, not a conscious experiment at all, but a permeation of atmosphere infused through physical and psychical being alike, plus a well-rooted complex in favor of the sonnet form." So far as we can make it out, this is Buxton Forman's thought put in complicated terms, and might have been said in his own words by substituting unconsciously for consciously.

There is a happy simile of "The Pot of Basil," which she calls "a mental costume plate of a bygone era, . . . a type then in vogue but soon out of fashion." Criticising Keats, she notes some "horrible rhymes," "wrongly accented words," and lines left rhymeless, "not for effect, but through sheer carelessness, an unforgivable fault." One must note it as a strange contradiction that Amy Lowell, learned as she was in the technique of verse making and keen on the scent of constructive errors in others, should herself cast aside all prescribed metrical rules and become known as a leader of a cult which, according to Clement Wood, "is the waste land of literature."

Commenting further on Keats's faults, she disagrees with Professor de Sélincourt in commending Keats's use of the Alexandrine line, contending that he often used it clumsily. A quotation from the "Elgin Marble Ode," brings the criticism: "After so stern and solemn a beginning, the sixth line, 'Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep,' comes like a slip into soft mud with the splash and subsequent jolt." Of his friend Bailey's praise of a certain line, we read: "That Bailey liked this passage, stamps Bailey. For it is poor, imitative stuff." Keats's sonnet "To Byron" is not bad. . . . It is a fairly successful performance technically on the whole." And of that "On Peace," "the octave of the sonnet is perfectly Shakespearian; the sestet is bastard." Then, going to the other extreme, she cites "this little chip from an otherwise execrable trifle, so charming I cannot forbear mentioning it—'The

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mayflies' small fan-horns,'" which she finds "perfectly Keatsean and perfectly delightful."

"Having scuffed aside these misconceptions," we are told, of Buxton Forman's opinion of a sonnet, she goes on to say: "With what I consider unwarrantable highhandedness Buxton Forman, followed by Professor de Sélincourt, has altered the next to the last line of the above quotation, 'I feel my heart is cut in twain for them,' to read 'I feel my heart is cut for them in twain.'"

Although this change was manifestly essential for the rhyme, since twain had to rhyme with slain, she cannot forbear the adverse comment: "I do not think Buxton Forman's excuse that he found his altered reading written in pencil on the margin of the manuscript a valid reason for adopting it. Keats was not in the habit of correcting his manuscripts with a pencil. I think it more probable that Woodhouse, who loved to tinker with what he considered infelicities in Keats's poems (witness his rewriting the last stanza of 'In Drear-Nighted December'), is responsible. . . . An author's text should be inviolate and secure from the tampering of no matter how well meaning an editor."

Sir Sidney Colvin was convinced that Keats was largely indebted to Drayton's "Man in the Moon" for the plot of his "Endymion." But Miss Lowell contends that Keats drew more freely from Drayton's "Endimion and Phoebe," from which he got "many passages" and one "important episode." She ingeniously proves her point by closely comparing the two poems before attempting to locate the two copies of "Endimion and Phoebe" known to be in existence, which Sir Sidney Colvin claims Keats could not have seen. Running them down, she discovered both copies, one of them in the Westminster Library, where it was in Keats's day. This piece of detective work, as she herself calls it, would have baffled most authors, and illustrates how indefatigable Miss Lowell is in following out a clue.

Of course the story of Keats's unhappy love episode, as told in this biography, is of absorbing interest. Owing to the new material, which includes heretofore unpublished letters from which the author was permitted to draw, she has been able to present the true Fannie Brawne, showing her as she was, a fine, self-poised, intellectual, and responsive young woman. One could wish that Keats had thrown prudence to the winds and married her regardless of consequences, pecuniary or other, and thus become a happier, healthier, and saner man. That this fateful passion was as a fever in his veins, sapping his strength and vitality and dragging him down to a premature and tragic end, we must believe and deplore. Yet his reasons for shrinking from marriage were valid—considerations of health and straitened means; possibly, too, the fear that marriage would hamper him in the pursuit of his beloved "poesy:"

Think you, if Laura had been
Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all
his life?

"Absorption in a woman," comments Miss Lowell, "means less concentration on poetry."

One notices many colloquialisms which Miss Lowell's informal manner admits to these pages, although they are not usual in biography. Keats "pulled Woodhouse's leg." He has "the itch to write," "talked his head off," "on the job," "his spirits were sky high," "getting a word in edgewise," "where the hitch came from," "stick in the memory," "cared a snap," and one smiles in recalling the ballad,

It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils,

to find from this author that it invariably "rains cats and dogs" in England.

Miss Lowell has resolutely adhered to her principle that "the biographer's business is to pry beneath surfaces." Frequently, as we have seen, this is to the disadvantage of other authorities. "We may say with something like certainty that we know everything he did," she naïvely remarks of Keats. One critic has suspected that she has discovered some things about him that he did not know himself. But this may be taken as natural resentment on the part of English writers that an American should get hold of material unknown to their own biographers, and should so persistently deny their statements. Some English writers of reviews have handled her so savagely that one might fancy them lineal descendants of Keats's own critics. Had it not been for Amy Lowell's untimely death, there is no doubt that she would have met these onslaughts with her customary vigor, and possibly with the poise one must admire in Keats when timorous friends besought him to take advice in future writing:

"It is not my nature to fumble. I will write independently. I have writ-

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ten independently *without judgment.* I may write independently *with judgment,* hereafter."

Evolution

ABOUT three years ago Mr. Bryan publicly insinuated that President Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, was a monkey. Since then the two gentlemen have been conducting a running debate, acrimonious—then more acrimonious. Dr. Osborn's latest book[1] is a collection of his own replies to Mr. Bryan, but two new chapters concerning the inquisition in Tennessee have been added. Mr. Bryan is advised to study the evidences of God's handiwork, about which the earth itself shouts to him as he passes. If he would do this, says Dr. Osborn, he would not lose his religion, but would become an evolutionist.

Bryan an evolutionist!

Professor J. Arthur Thomson, author of a new book entitled "Concerning Evolution"[2] is the author also of the "Outline of Science," which was so successful two or three years ago. His new work consists of three lectures delivered at Yale last year. I feel that the reader of "Concerning Evolution" must do a little scientific reading in advance, for it adverts frequently to abstruse problems without providing the necessary background for their understanding. Professor Lull's new work, mentioned below, covers nearly the same ground in a more satisfactory manner.

The few who care to make a serious text-book study of biology, as a better preparation for the comprehension of the issues involved in organic evolution, will find that Professor Scott's recent work[3] is quite suitable. Its scope is from protoplasm to man, and it is a college text-book, requiring, however, no previous training in science.

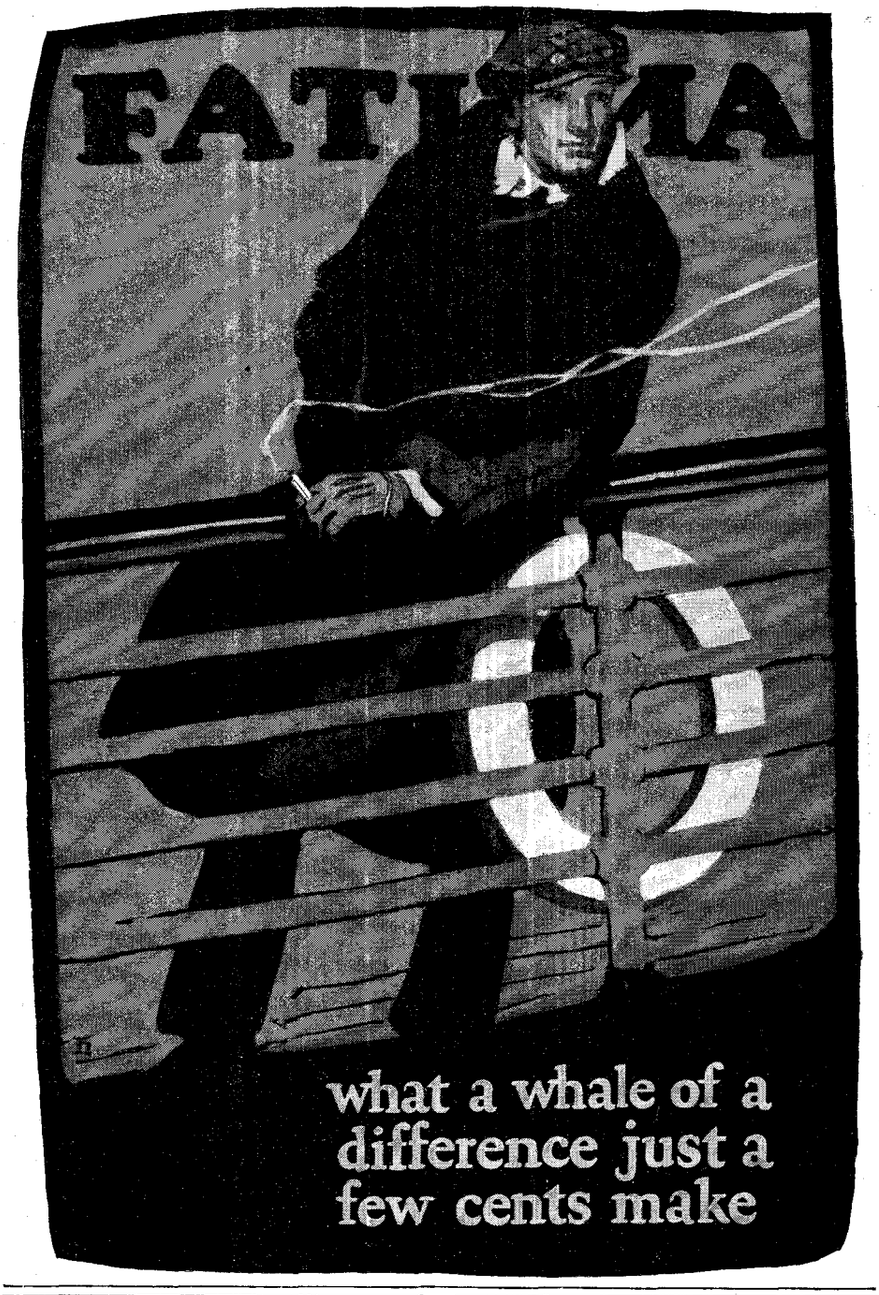
If any one of average intelligence, but untrained in biology and evolution, were to ask me to name "a good book from which I can get a serious but not too serious understanding of the main facts concerning evolution," I should send him to Professor Lull's new work.[4] A few years ago Professor Lull, who teaches paleontology at

[1] The Earth Speaks to Bryan. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

[2] Concerning Evolution. By J. Arthur Thomson. The Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut. $2.50.

[3] The Science of Biology. By George C. Scott, Ph.D. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.50.

[4] The Ways of Life. By Richard Swann Lull, Ph.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.



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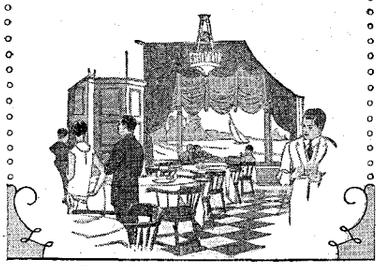

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Yale, wrote a remarkable book entitled "Organic Evolution." It was a college text-book, but was a little less like a text-book than most of them. I always name this book when asked for "the most all-around, systematic treatment of evolution." It "surrounds" evolution, as it were, treating it historically in the geological sense and in nearly every way—in short, it is an all-inclusive work. For his new book Professor Lull seems to have chosen parts of the earlier one and has somewhat lightened it, so that it is no longer a text-book, but is the kind of a work you would sit up late reading. At the same time it is serious and will make you think—unlike some of the superficial wonder books of nature which choose only the frosting of the cake. Certain it also is that Professor Lull embodies nothing that is in the nature of mere "attractive theory;" his feet stay on the earth.

Man's life on earth has now been definitely traced back by tangible evidences to about the beginning of the glacial period, perhaps half a million years ago. The Java ape man is still the most ancient human fossil known; but within recent years the amateur archæologist-anthropologist J. Reid Moir has found a large number of crude flint implements in eastern England, chipped by some undiscovered type of men. Within three years these artifacts have been accepted by most anthropologists as the earliest known evidence of ancient man. Sir Arthur Keith, probably the foremost anthropologist-anatomist, states in "The Antiquity of Man"[5] that we must revise our ideas regarding our own human ancestors' antiquity. Our direct ancestors of one hundred thousand years ago, he says, were so much like ourselves that they would pass unnoticed in a modern crowd in England. The primitive, uncouth Neanderthal races, the Rhodesian man, as well as the Heidelberg man, are not our direct ancestors, but are extinct side branches. This puts us back at least one hundred thousand years, with brains as large and as potentially capable as they are to-day. We will find, thinks Sir Arthur, that our ancestors passed from apehood to manhood still further back than we have thought, possibly almost a million years ago.

Such scholarly and thought-provoking works as the one just mentioned, and others such as the excellently illustrated and comprehensive work[6] by

[5] The Antiquity of Man. By Sir Arthur Keith. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $4.

[6] Human Origins. By George Grant MacCurdy, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $10.

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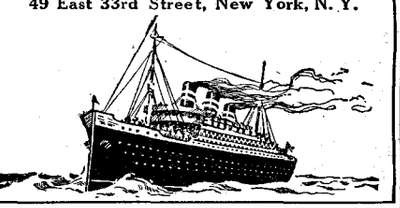

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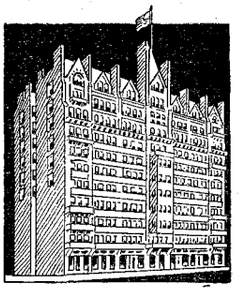

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Professor MacCurdy, both of Yale and the American School of Prehistoric Research in Europe, should be read by all who take keen interest in the gaining science of anthropology.

One is often asked to recommend "some book about man's past, man's early races, and all that sort of thing, that I can read through and then feel that I have a clear, even if not a technical, idea of what scientists now know about man's past." There has been no such book until recently. One has just appeared.[7] Professor Schmucker has evidently been asked the same thing, and has written a book that is a round peg in a round hole. His book is only three hundred pages in length; thus when we read it we can keep our sense of continuity and proportion. Professor Schmucker does not often send you to the dictionary. For example, what others call the *foramen magnum* he terms simply "the hole in the floor of the skull by which the spinal cord enters the brain cavity." It is a good book.

A. G. INGALLS.

[7] Man's Life on Earth. By Samuel Christian Schmucker, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

Contributors' Gallery

STANLEY FROST, whose Outlook articles on the Ku Klux Klan attracted Nation-wide attention, again appears in our columns, with an analysis of the political situation in Wisconsin. It was written as the result of a special journey to Wisconsin undertaken by Mr. Frost on behalf of The Outlook.

DAVID LILIENTHAL is a Chicago lawyer who has written for The Outlook on more than one occasion. He makes the Scopes case a text for a re-examination of our Constitutional ideals.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, Contributing Editor of The Outlook, is on his way to Glacier National Park. When he dropped his editorial labors, he left behind him an editorial with the provocative title "Can a Lawyer be a Gentleman?"

THE threatened coal strike gives particular timeliness to Charles Fitzhugh Talman's illustrated study of the methods by which coal travels from mine to consumer. The article is one of a series on the basic process of modern industry.

By the Way

DURING his speech at the recent dinner of the New England Society in New York City Governor Cox, the chief speaker of the evening, told an amusing anecdote:

Some years ago there was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature who came down to Boston from the western part of the Commonwealth. It was his custom to go to Boston early in the week and on Friday to return to spend Sunday with his family. One Friday afternoon he did not get home as usual, and his wife became greatly concerned. She thought it was her duty to try to locate her husband before she retired for the night. She recalled the names of five other members of the Great and General Court with whom her husband had said he was in the habit of spending his time while in Boston. They lived in different parts of the State. She went down to the telegraph office and sent despatches to these men, asking each of them if they could tell her where her husband was, and back as fast as the wires could bring the answers came five responses: "Your husband is here spending Sunday with me."

In describing the New Englander's desire to have everything just right, Governor Cox told the story of a Boston wizard of finance who had a beautiful place on the South Shore. "It was his desire when he went there," said Governor Cox, "to have everything arranged for his convenience and his comfort. One afternoon he went down on the train, and as he alighted the captain of his yacht, who met him at the station, was asked, 'What time can you get the yacht under way?' The captain said, 'Any time you say, Mr. Jones.' 'What time can I have dinner aboard?' 'Any time you say, sir.' 'By the way, what time is it high tide to-night?' 'Any time you say, Mr. Jones.'"

From the London "Morning Post:"

There are bright moments in the life of a schoolmaster. At a recent examination in General Knowledge a pupil defined a volcano as follows: "A mountain with a hole in the top, and if you look down the hole you can see the creator smoking."

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Gloomily the man in the Public Library stood staring at the volumes of the encyclopædia—from AUS, down through BIS and CHA, clear to ZYM. "I guess I've got a lot to learn," he muttered. "I never get any of those stations on my set."

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